





LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS

823
L844
v. 3



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2009 with funding from
University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign

32

1842

1842

1842

1842

1842

1842

1842

1842

1842

1842

1842

1842

1842

1842

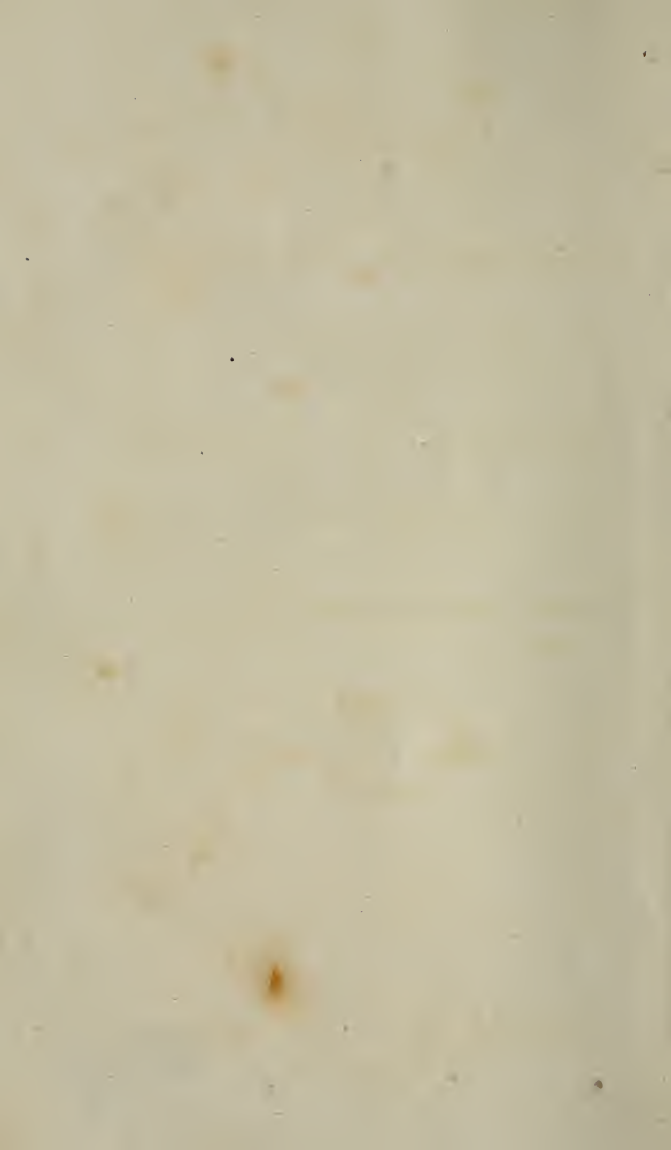
1842

1842

1842

1842

1842



LONDON :

OR,

A MONTH AT STEVENS'S,

BY A LATE RESIDENT.

A SATIRICAL NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

Chaque age a ses plaisirs son esprit et ses mœurs.

BOILEAU.

Veluti in speculum,

VOL. III.

Second Edition.

LONDON :

PRINTED FOR SHERWOOD, NEELY, AND JONES,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1819.

1803

1803

1803

1803

1803

1803

1803

1803

1803

1803

1803

B. CLARKE, Printer, Well Street, London.

025
L844

v.3

L O N D O N :

OR,

A MONTH AT STEVENS'S.

CHAPTER I.

THE young couple are off; their four posters are flying like lightning; happiness beams in their countenances; eyes of curiosity are every where on them; they travel in the first style; their appointments are admirable. The highland laird is also on the road, grumbling at the high charges of Eng-

lish inns ; and all the party is put in motion.

The month at Stevens's is now at an end. There remains no more food for hoaxing and quizzing, for writing love letters, for ogling, nor for propagating false reports. The M'Tavish family is already replaced by an occupier of their apartments ; but it is allowed that such great exotics as the laird and his lady have never since been planted in that quarter. Captain Ogle, having discharged the duty of unparalleled friendship, has withdrawn into retirement, and made a vow never to marry.

But although the London drama has come to its close, far other scenes are

in store for the young couple, with whom fortune has not yet done sporting. Varied situations are still at hand; their journey through life was not a tranquil passage down an untroubled stream, gliding like the soft course of a rivulet through beds of roses on either bank; they, on the contrary, were doomed to travel through the devious and unequal paths of the world, as others do, with their sunshine and gloom, with their *fasti et nefasti*, with the light and shade of pleasure and of pain, which ordinarily mark the course of man in his brief and uncertain state.

After passing a short time at Hugh Hall, in all the pomp of territorial pride, in all the gratulations of the sur-

rounding nobility and gentry, in the receiving and returning of extensive hospitality, in the most benevolent application of their riches to the poor, so as to clothe and solace the shivering orphan, to dry up the widows tears, to prop the faltering step, and minister to the wants of age and decrepitude, they set off for the North, amidst the peel of bells, the blessings of the indigent, the shouts of the peasantry, and under a numerous escort of Sir Hugh's tenantry, who conducted them to the boundary of the very spacious manors which he possessed.

Now home glowed in Susan's imagination, and warmed her kind heart: every humble cottager around her fa-

ther's castle and domain came into her mind ; how her plants had thriven, how her poultry had grown, what she should give to her favourite servants, to the piper and his son, what she should put on, to look most becoming on her return home, and whether papa and mamma would furbish up the old place to the best advantage, so as to strike the colonel. For this, she innocently prepared him by depreciating the castle, that it might rise the higher in estimation on their approach to it. She apologized for the wild and Gothic appearance of the building, for the gloominess of the sepulchral pine which formed its avenue ; she enlarged on the worth of her highland cousins and neighbours, whose rough exterior, she

observed, was only the unseemly casket which enclosed a jewel ; in fine, she did all in her power to pre-dispose her husband for being pleased with her countrymen, and for making him esteemed by them.

The sound of the martial pipe now struck her ear, and her heart leaped at it ; she beheld a score of cousins ill mounted, but gaily dressed, many of them in the military costume, but all in the garb of old gaul, riding in battle array, to receive the young couple. She blushed, and told her husband that he must not take it ill, if she allowed them all to salute her. “ It is,” observed she, “ running the gauntlet ; but I would not seem proud or unkind to them for all

the world. No one feels more grateful than I do for the noble establishment which I owe to you, and to your excellent uncle; but I must beware of pride; it would sit ill on my native features." He embraced his young bride, and begged that all highland customs might be respected; assuring her that she should see him the next day clad in the tartan of her clan; and that if it gave her a moment's satisfaction, he would do homage to her father as the chief, and rank himself in the number of his vassals.

On their arrival at the castle, a guard of honour was drawn up, which presented arms, whilst the banner of the house, with armorial bearings, waved from an

eastern tower, clad in the viridity of ivy. The guard was composed of a corps of volunteers, who were commanded by the laird during the war, and who made a very fine appearance in their kilts and bonnets. Susan embraced tenderly her neighbours' children, her foster sisters, her favourite attendant, and gave presents to them all; whilst the colonel retired to dress, and surprised them, by appearing at dinner in a superb highland dress, which he had procured in London, but which he had kept a secret, in order to surprise the family with this act of gallantry. The effect was perfect; every one felt the compliment; Susan was enchanted with the attention, and all was the most unmixed felicity that could possibly reign over a whole family.

The colonel looked handsome in his new costume ; but he did not look like a highlander. Susan sat on her father's right hand, habited in the silk tartan of the clan, trimmed with costly lace, and a tiara on her head, composed of cairn gorums and of Caledonian emeralds, the whole having a very happy effect. Now copious libations flowed almost in rivers ; and the loud sounds of mirth, and of music, arose in praise of the house of M'Tavish. The bride and bridegroom were drank with the most distinguished marks of applause, whilst a discharge of three vollies of musquetry announced to villages far and near, borne upon the wings of echo, that the vows of the neighbourhood were exalted for the prosperity of this

interesting pair. Deep was the draught of the festive circle, and late the hour to which this banquetting was carried on; but in the latter part of the feast, the colonel, who had exerted himself to gain popularity, and who had exceeded in his devotions to Bacchus, was suddenly taken ill: he fainted in the arms of the chieftain, and was borne off as pale as a corpse, by four cousins and clansmen of the laird. The gamekeeper was sent at full speed for medical assistance, and joy was now converted into mourning.

The hardy mountaineers sincerely regretted this disaster, which threw a damp on so felicitous a festivity; they at the same time expressed their sorrow

that the young man should be of so delicate a texture. Fain would they have seen the robust progeny of the north bear off this matchless prize; but it could not be helped, and they acknowledged that he was an elegant gentleman. The physician arrived; he grew better; but his fever returned; he had repeated relapses, and was bled copiously and frequently; so that they were obliged to retain medical assistance in the castle. The damask cheek of the blooming bride now began to fade, and care and sorrow sat on her once smiling brow. The malady continued; it was stubborn; strength did not return. A journey to Edinburgh was proposed for further medical assistance; the young couple were ob-

liged to halt at Perth, on account of the return of the fever; a consultation of physicians was agreed upon; and they reached the Scotch metropolis. The most eminent medical men were summoned to attend, and they were convinced that early dissipation, the wound, and loss of blood, over exertion, and excess at the festival, had shaken the colonel's constitution to the centre, and that his lungs were affected. They by all means advised him to go south, without loss of time; and gave as their decided opinion, that the keen air of the north would prove fatal to him, and that a journey to the south of France, or to Naples, would be the most probable means of recruiting his shattered health.

Here was a long adieu to all the happiness which Susan had promised herself in her native land, where she hoped to have shone like a star, and to have diffused the beams of benevolence to her numerous relations and dependants. Cured of her fashion-fever, and convinced of the frivolity of dissipation, and of town enjoyments, she had returned to her former patriotism, to the warm-hearted child of nature, which she was when first she left the Highlands. She must now tear herself from a father whom she adored, and from a home which she preferred to the gaudiest palace; but the duty of submission and obedience, of following her lord's fortunes under every change and chance, was now imposed upon her, and she

prepared with a heavy heart to quit Britain, and to enter into fresh scenes far less promising than the gilded ones which beamed so bright in promise on her nuptial day.

The colonel was so weak that he could scarcely support the fatigue of travelling, and was obliged to proceed by very short stages to town, frequently stopping to take rest and advice, and to recruit his debilitated strength. Susan, who had but just been ushered into wedded life, just put in possession of a splendid establishment, just become the idol of the north, and the subject of all the pleasures and festivities of her house, grew at once the anxious, tender, and fearful nurse of a declining partner,

the solicitous watch over every look, the kind preventer of every want, and the sleepless observer of his slumbers. Her bright playful eye now drooped in dejection, and the sombre hue of gravity and care overshadowed her youthful features. The healthful flush was now lowered down to a matron-like placidity; in a word, Susan was now no longer what she had been; wedlock had brought with it a load of cares, and the pillow of roses bore many an agonizing thorn.

Arrived in London, what a change! The colonel's stud was to be sold, as it was inconvenient to take them abroad; and instead of driving her out in his well-appointed curricule, or light mail,

full of vanity, and envied by the insect tribe of elegants, he was seen in a closely shut carriage, pale, covered up with a cloak, and with his head reclined on the bosom of the best, but not most fortunate of brides. Instead of the hurry and bustle of Stevens's, they were lodged at a quiet hotel in Jermyn street, kept early hours, adhered to strict regimen, saw no one but the physician and the steward, and led the most humble and most retired life.

Susan now, who was zealous in all things, dedicated her whole care, her whole exertion, to her husband. No public walks or public places divided her attention, or diminished the inte-

rest she took in her partner's welfare ; even dress had lost its charms for her ; neatness and simplicity constituted her exterior ; fancy and ornament were quite lain aside ; nor was she without her moments of disappointment and of painfulness, for the colonel had become difficult and peevish in his sufferings ; and she had this also to bear with heroic resignation. She had also paid for the vanity of marrying a fashionable rake ; of preferring him to all other, and above all to the incomparable Ogle, who had lately gained a handsome property, which had devolved to him by the demise of a distant relative, but who lived in the most heart-broken retirement since her marriage. All these considerations, however, never

made her swerve in the least from the strictest discharge of her duty, from the most loving and unwearied attendance on her sick and debilitated husband.

Colonel B. now mended fast; and a ray of hope dawned over the disconsolate Susan. Three days of fine weather occurred, and he ventured to take the air in an open carriage. Susan felt a temporary triumph from this circumstance. How many enquiring friends! how many people deeply interested in his welfare, who, a few days ago, had thought nothing concerning his existence! how many artificially elongated countenances, raised eye-brows, and inquiring eyes, with a half smile and a half depression of eye-lid, the happy,

fashionable *mezzo termine* betwixt surprise and regret, betwixt pretended hope and peace, betwixt regret for past sufferings, and placid delight at something like returning health !

“ Who are all these kind friends ? ” said Susan to her improving partner. “ Methinks they have sprung up from the earth ; for, in the moment of real suffering, we never heard of them.”

“ They are,” replied her husband, “ the ephemeræ of sun-shine, the insects which buz about prosperity, the insipid joiners of fashion’s throng, the cyphers which multiply naught into quantity, which fill up the blank page of worldly existence—they are my

trencher friends, the very copies of Timon's intimates."

"Aye; but," replied his kind bride, "Timon had no wife to love him, and to make these vile associates unnecessary. But tell me their names, that we may know how to avoid them." He consented, and accordingly enumerated the list as follows.

"You will be surprised, my Susan, when I name to you the very men who joined me in my moments of shameful dissipation, with whom I lived when I was wholly unworthy of thee, who thought that nothing could be perfect unless I was the prototype, and who, since I have put on the garb of pro-

priety, have assumed some degree of morality, have begun to deserve well of thee, and in order to make restitution for past errors, have assumed a contemptible pity, which my momentary appearance in the world has overawed: but these are their names and characters."

CAPTAIN BON-TON.

Captain Bonton is better and less ill-naturedly named than the Duc de *Villain-ton*. In effect, the captain is a man of *bon gout*, as well as of *bon-ton*. This he has evinced in his haunts, in his habits, and in his appearance. He is moreover a good-natured man, and was deservedly popular in the celebrated

corps in which he served, and in which he acted as adjutant, although he disagreed with the Birmingham colonel, or, rather, the counterfeit coin of a sister kingdom.

The captain has not been over nice, however, in the choice of his companions, nor has he kept entirely clear of scrapes and of fashionable difficulties. The society of the Kentish baronet's reprobate son is an example of the former fact; and a certain written document, to which a number of signatures are affixed, with seals and other formulæ, is a proof of the latter. I do not give a name to the document: perhaps it is a poetical license, or a game license, or a license for having been

too game, or a letter of credit, or a letter for having had too long crédit : *n'importe* : it is a convenient article which enables a man to make verses as he goes along, such as

“ Nunc pæde libero pulsanda tellus.” HORAT.

And it is the pocket companion of many a man of fashion, some of whom have a *vade mecum* of a less liberal kind, signed by one Mr. Brush-off, which is as good as a visiting ticket to a young man in town, as it indicates his place of residence without further particulars, and never has a P. P. C. or a D. I. O. upon it ; for it is not easy to brush off from the quarter in question, where young gentlemen are taught to draw in water colours, to sketch the outside and

perspectives of strong houses and prisons, to take retrospective views of life, to paint their situations in high colours, and, finally, to distemper and white-wash, where *somnambules* are made awake, and low fellows are put up: but this is not the instrument in Mr. B's pocket; his is of a much more harmonious nature, although it sometimes serves as a prelude to the other document.

Mr. B. if we mistake not, has paid for his acquaintance with the Kentish baronet's son, or if he have not already paid in hard cash for it, he may expect to have his paper converted into cash, and presented in a coercive form when he is perhaps least prepared for it. It

is a pity that the captain had not made a more lucrative match, and that the knight, his papa, should button up the pockets of his pantaloons so tightly. It is a pity also that Mr. B. and the too easy Captain B. should have exposed themselves last year, by canvassing in a certain cause; (they understand well what is meant) for the person whose cause they advocated will not do them either credit or service.

We hope that Mr. B. will draw in and be prudent; for no young man's character stands fairer; no one is better known or liked in every part of the town. He should be cautious, for the knight not far from the square has much in his power

LADY FITZ-RICHARD.

The fat old woman shaking hands with Lord H. S. is old Lady Fitz-Richard, as vulgar an antiquated queen as ever existed. She does every thing by rule, being a rigid economist; she saves her candles to light up her card-room, and keeps her unfortunate servants not only in the dark as to the ways of the family (that is common), but keeps them in the cold, to purchase parasols for her daughters, pinches their intestines to enlarge her establishment, and shuts her door against her acquaintances and against the poor, in order to open it for a *conversazione*, or for a card party.

Her daughters also possess a calculating spirit; for they have docked their petticoats, in order to embellish their tuckers; and have unbosomed themselves to their friends, in order to have other concealments *in petto*; they have unlaced the top of their dress to lace (aye, and with Brussels lace too) the bottom of their spencers; whilst every thing is bare, and cold, and comfortless, and shorn, and bald, in the family economy of the interior, that mademoiselles may be in high feather, and furred, and laced, and ribboned, when they go abroad. The dimensions of their petticoats are of such little account, that their unfortunate *suiwant* of a footman (a modest lad) scarcely knows which way to look, or what he

may see next, in such high caricature of fashion are they.

Whether by way of exposing their goods at the window, or not, I cannot determine; but the said daughters have a way of throwing themselves in attitudes on the sofa, and in their chairs, before the window, so as to *ne laisser rien a diviner*, and such as would be more agreeable to the limner, to the spy, or to the caricaturist, than to the moralist, the philosopher, whether peripatetic or otherwise, or to the simple passer by. A tradesman, who was ordered to go into the drawing-room whilst this posture system was going on, was so astounded at the mixture of pride and indelicacy, of haughtiness and

of looseness of deportment, that he (such were his words) did not know how to proceed, and thought that he had got into the wrong house.

SIR W. ST. HILAIRE.

The gentleman whom you saw hurrying into a post-chaise for France is Sir W. St. Hilaire. Modern as a baronet, he is, notwithstanding, very ancient in family. Without being a military man, he has a great *talent militaire*, and has done himself much credit during the war by his exertions for the defence of the country. He is likewise a true patriot; and no man was ever more attached to or a stronger supporter of government than the noble baronet.

In point of gentlemanlike conduct and honourable principle, he might be called the very mirror of knighthood; *mais*, as the Frenchman says (which monosyllable, like our *but*, spoils all, nay frequently makes a man the butt, if not the merciless sport, of his enemies), he has not been prudent; and betwixt domestic infelicity, keeping high and expensive company, patriotic exertions, and the proud hospitality of an old English mansion, he has got completely aground, and has gone through the routine of fashionable difficulties.

The last relief to a man of the *beau monde* is either to return to a seat in parliament, or to fall into a title, in

which case he can brazen it out ; this being a *murus ahoneus*, to throw over his creditors in the Fleet or King's Bench, and so commence *de novo* ; or to remain on the continent until superannuation of claims bring a man home so changed that he is not known, and so old as to have survived his creditors, his youth, his good looks, and his honour ; or, finally, to pay the debt of nature abroad, never having paid any debt at home.

Through all these gradations has Sir W. proceeded, except the last ; for it is but justice to him to add, that he might use the words of the French King Français Premier.

“ Nous avons tout perdu, hors l'honneur.”

Added, however, to the *à-la-mode* succession of fashionable miseries aforesaid, the worthy baronet has endured a shrew for years, and, not being a Petruchio—without a hope of taming her. He afterwards went through the ceremony of being divorced, and through the more empty formality of opposing the suit. Whilst in Scotland he sojourned himself with the smiles of the fair; and whilst in the Isle of Man he discovered that it was also the Isle of Woman.

How well he is remembered in this fashionable quarter, in Bond Street, Dover Street (Piccadilly be it understood, although some gentlemen travel to Dover Street, St. George's), and in

Albemarle Street! Often did he parade, arm-in-arm, in these quarters, with the very first blood of the land; but that, indeed, accounts for his past difficulties, for his present altered circumstances, for the neglect which he experiences at all hands, and for the necessity of a trip to France.

Lessons of this kind may be picked up in abundance at Long's, Jaquier's, Escudier's, at Dorant's, and at the Hanover Square Hotel, as well as at home in more private life; but they are little attended to. In the sunshine of life every man will be taken by the hand; but he will too soon experience that

Tempora si nubila sunt solus eris.

COLONEL H———Y.

The colonel is positively one of the best fellows, and one of the most gentlemanlike and honourable men, who ever entered the honourable corps (the Guards); where, however, there are exquisites and ruffians of fashion, not a few, and where affectation and importance have their place *néanmoins*. It may, however, be fairly said of the Guards, that if the youth of fashion take most distinguished care of their persons out of the field, no officers expose their persons more, and take less care of them in the field, than the flower of our youth, who compose that brigade, and who have every where

been covered with glory, in spite of the *mauvaise plaisanterie* of the stuttering old Colonel B——n, who, on being asked if the Guards were concerned in the affair of Bunker's Hill, during the American war, replied, "Concerned, sir? Yes, I believe they were concerned! D——me, they were *concerned* from the moment they left Hyde Park Corner."

But to return to Colonel H: he is a favourite both with men and women; and his morality and chastity were put to the test a few years ago, when a certain amorous young lady used to conceal herself in a certain temple near his bed-room, and used to sing the most melting confessions of

love, and the warmest amatory complaints, to no effect, and used also to throw herself in his way on all occasions, with as little success. Did this happen in Piccadilly, or in St. James's Street, or in Albemarle Street, or in Dover Street? We leave folks to guess which.

The colonel is just returned from France; and a strange account may be collected from him of the outcasts on the coast.

Mr. B——, in immense debts and difficulties.

Mr. G——, bill-doing, under suspicious colours.

Mr. A. and son, (since returned) in divers pecuniary irregularities.

Mr. S—— and lady, enjoying their illicit connexion whilst the lady's husband is abroad.

Sir J. H——, in unarranged bankruptcy.

Mrs. Col. or Major M. to get a new character.

Mr. C——, looking like the devil upon two sticks, to keep out of harm's way. This gentleman was concerned in a newspaper; and he now turns the honest penny by giving advice to his countrymen, and, probably, by giving information concerning them, when he writes home.

Mr. ——, under a suspicion of poisoning horses (since gone to Paris).

Mrs. H——, separated from her husband.

Mr. B——, from a love of France, and a want of patriotism: vide his conduct wherever an Englishman is in a scrape.

Count P——, to deal in English horses, and to be kept by Miss ——, it is supposed; has since moved to the interior.

The rest of the emigrants are Greeks, gone on a wrong errand, and to a wrong place, broken-down gentry, travelling smugglers, and the open mouthed curious.

The road from Dover is represented as filled with the returns of those whose pipe is out, whose purses are out, or whose time is out. Most of them are disappointed, and are returning, some

to honest ways, some to their former iniquities. Some (with not better appetites) are returning to their lawful wives and homes; some to their shops and counters; some to the King's Bench; some ladies to the straw; and some of both sexes to Doctor Robertson, or Astley Cooper, to consult them in their different very useful departments.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL T——.

Lieutenant-Colonel T—— has served with the greatest honour and credit to himself in a number of campaigns, in which he has highly and honourably distinguished himself. Official dispatches, public thanks, and the most

satisfactory letters and testimonies, put these facts beyond a doubt. Besides, the numerous officers who have shared his laurels, and have served with him, speak of his conduct, his abilities, and his character, in the most unqualified terms of praise.

The colonel had, at starting in the world, a very pretty competency. Early in life he was the victim of a generous heart, and of an unsuspecting disposition. His sunshine friends well knew this, and turned it amply to their own account. Frank, generous, and hospitable habits, soon reduced his purse, and the London gaming tables drained it entirely. His losses at these plunder shops is supposed to have amounted

to upwards of fifteen thousand pounds.

A wish to recover this ill-spent property induced the colonel to play deeper and deeper, and to try his fortune again and again. The same ill luck, however, invariably attended him, in every change of game, in every change of place, and in every speculation which he undertook, with the vain hope of recovering himself. He found the practice of one hell just as ruinous as that of another; the proprietors of one house quite as rapacious as those of another; every game was alike—a losing one to him, until worn out with disappointment, and beggared in his circumstances, he, too late, experienced that with the loss of property he had to regret also the loss of friends.

To every honest mind and feeling heart the colonel's fate must be an object of deep regret; but unfortunately it has so irritated and so soured his disposition, that he seems careless of sacrificing his life, now that he has squandered his fortune; for, from the circumstance of his knowing every black-leg in town, and from their having practised all their slippery tricks upon him, he is supposed to be the author of some works, which set forth the ruinous tendency of play, and which unveil and expose the extensive robberies of gamesters. To clear himself of this accusation, he is said to have fought a brace of duels, and still provokes fight upon the same account, not aware that loss of reputation as a

good member of society is a greater crime than loss of time, loss of property, and desertion of false friends, whose absence is no way to be regretted.

YOUNG VAPOUR.

All that I know about young Vapour is, that he got into the fashionable Brighton Corps, just as B—— did, without any pretensions to rank, family, or consequence, and, like our dandy friend, with nothing to recommend him but his conceit. He at the same time got into the Pavilion; and the Duke of —— will remember him as long as he lives; for, after the —— had retired, he won many

thousands of the duke, and sat up at the work all night. I am told, that the ——— was very angry when he was told of it; but the mischief was done, and I suppose that the duke must have had recourse to his friends the jews, or to his brother fishmongers, or to his city acquaintance, in this emergency. It is said that he annuitized pretty largely on the occasion.

As to Vapour's birth, if he can prove a pedigree at all, it must be *sui generis*, descended in line direct from the great Bacon of Ham common perhaps; for certainly the swine have been the prime cause of his uncle's wealth and consequence, in the victualling and contracting lines to wit; and perhaps

that makes nunky such a dry fellow, and the nephew such a pickle.

As for the uncle, I once mistook him for the Duke of Bedford, driving his curricie, with two grooms behind him, in exactly the Russell livery, without having *les armes parlantes* which victuallers ought to have, namely a boar's head for a crest, and *pig-num honestatis* for a motto. I am told that this hero of the rind, not the Rhine, is the hardest fellow to the poor possible, and that he lords it over what he considers his inferiors like a pacha with two tails, (pig tails doubtless).

Young Pickle is, however, a good natured extravagant fellow, a hard rider,

and a keen sportsman; and it is told of him, that he once said he should like to run out all he had, just time enough to become whipper-in to Meynel's hounds, or, rather, to the hounds that were Meynel's. He has run through a considerable sum of money already; but he has an immense deal more in expectation.

I never see old Pickle but I think on the French epigram, made, many years ago, upon Dessessart, the fat actor of the *Comedie Française*.

Un cochon et Dessessart
Sont tous les deux gens de l'art
Voilà ! la ressemblance,
Le cochon est plus beau,
Mais Dessessart est plus gros,
Voilà ! la difference.

The person of equivocal air, whom Vapour was sauntering after, is the fascinating SOPHIA M—. No woman of her species has had more admirers, none has better taste : her house, in a certain row near St. James's Street, is fitted up in a manner which shews the good style and *bon-gout* of the mistress of the mansion, and is a centre of attraction to the beauty and fashion of both sexes. Walls have ears, and hedges have ears, says a vulgar old adage : it is to be hoped, not at Mrs. M—s ; for a number of soft things have been said within her walls ; nor has Mr. M— too long ears it is to be hoped, because, first of all, it would be a pity to have them under that roof ; and again, they are indecorous ; and lis-

teners never hear any good of themselves; and, lastly, they give the wearer of them the air of a beast of burthen.

Independent of having a very pretty person, Sophia M— is a very kind-hearted, friendly woman: she does not turn her back on a friend in the shade: a handsome woman indeed ought never to turn her back on a gallant, if he be a good-looking man; for instance, Benjamin the Ruler, or rather B—l—r the Ruler in *banco regis*, K. B. C. we ought to have said. Many months and years, many springs and summers, have rolled over her sweet face and roguish smiles, since first she was called the pretty Mrs. M—s. Like the infantine, we might say the drivelling poem of

Coleridge, the sweet Sophia travelled upon love's pinions many a wild chase, and many a mazy round: fairy like, she has tripped over many hearts with wanton feather, and away again, like the winged messenger of love: the following parody, therefore, would not be amiss for Sophia:

Where did Sophia go?

She went high and low:

Over hill, and over dale, did sweet Sophia go.

Many autumns, many springs,

Travell'd she with am'rous wings:

Many summers, many winters,—

Who can tell half her adventures?

Still is she in high feather, however; and if Mr. B. be a grateful man, his daily toast ought to be (whether drank in the chair of a convivial circle, or on

an humble bench amongst his friends and local attachments), "May the wings of friendship never lose a feather!" This also should be given with three times three, and all the honours of festivity; for Sophia deserves such distinction of him. Besides, on the score of sentiment, one may fairly say of the toast, as well as of the lady, *hic placint semel, hic decies repetita placebit.*

Sophia originally signifies wisdom. When will the owner of that name think on its meaning? Time will show, nay time has shown, but *n'importe—*

LE CHEVALIER D'ARGENTCOURT

Is a noted emigrant, whom we have long seen in high and low feather, in high and low life, confined and at large, rich and poor, in the first circles and in the Fleet. He is now just come from a coach-maker, where he had gone to inspect two splendid carriages with armorial distinctions, supporters, orders, coronets, and insignia of divers kinds. It is not very long since he would have been glad to have taken any thing, or any body, for a supporter: nay some go so far as to say that even now he is not too flush in point of cash, and that the carriages are mere blinds.

He leaves England at all events *et peut etre pour jamais*. He talks of not only going to France, but of visiting Italy, and enlarges on restored property, successions, legacies, et cetera. He has long been a wanderer, like the Pius Pater Æneas; and if he travel to Italy, we advise him to adopt the words of that personage; for well may he say with him—

**Per varios casus per lot discrimina rerum
tendimus in Latium.**

VIRGIL.

CHAPTER II.

THE new married couple now prepared to leave England, by making all the necessary arrangements, of purchasing travelling carriages, winding up their accounts, et cetera. They reached Dover the first day, and embarked the ensuing one for the coast of France. At Dover a curious scene presented itself to them, in the motley characters leaving England from a variety of causes. Debt and derangement, however, was the general motive. You might see terror depicted in some countenances, who dreaded the merciless gripe of their creditors; and caution and concealment in others; and a suspicious

look at every one, lest he should be a bailiff. These were the spendthrift tribe, who were forced to depart themselves, in order to make the insufficient wreck of their fortunes go further in a cheaper country. Some were despatched by their doctor, with empty purses, and with worne-out constitutions, to die in a foreign clime; and they had generally put it off too long, whether from the rapacity of the faculty, or from their own neglect, we do not pretend to state; but it does sometimes happen that the means of living are taken from the patient, before his cure is effected. A few conceited males and females were going for fashion's sake, and perhaps about a dozen from mere curiosity.

One very singular remark occurred, however, namely, that not one of them obtained the end which he proposed to himself in thus migrating from home. The extravagant debtor but temporised with the evil; and by keeping company with his countrymen lived as expensively abroad as he would have done at home, and, at a future period, was obliged to retreat from France. The run-away revelled in wine, and in the good things of the country, until payday coming unexpectedly, he had to exchange a French dungeon for a British prison. The vacant spendthrift found nothing to his mind, no true enjoyment out of old England, and at a not far distant time was compelled to return and get white-washed in the Bench. The

sick derived not the benefit which they expected; and the fashionable and curious came back completely disappointed, because they were, from their folly, incapacitated to receive the information and improvement with which the learned enquirer would have met.

The colonel and his bride now passed the sea; and, unfortunately for the former, he burst a blood-vessel on the passage, which was short but rough, and which occasioned him violent seasickness. This made his case far worse, and detained him some weeks at Calais. Here, when he was considered as in a convalescent state, he amused himself with walking on the pier, and with *reading* the various characters who are

transported daily from the white cliffs of Albion. Ruined gentlemen, unconvicted swindlers, black legs on a voyage of discovery, couples enjoying the blandishments of intrigue, and living in cog under the protection of foreign laws, with cits and counter beaux just hopped over to take a peep at France, and to return more conceited and foolish than when they went. Some came daily to cast a longing lingering eye on that country which their folly had lost to them : well might they say

“ *Mon cher pays et mon premier amour,*” &c.

When the colonel was well enough to leave Calais, he determined upon wintering at Lausanne, instead of Naples, on account of there being a very

eminent physician there, and of some very old college acquaintances, who had paid forfeit to the gaming-table, and sacrificed at the shrine of fashion, which had led them to migrate for three years, and to pitch upon that delightful spot for their residence. Colonel B. arrived by short journies; but he found benefit from the change of objects and of air; whilst his faithful Susan improved in spirits, as her looks and feelings were regulated by and dependant on the state of his health.

On their arrival they were visited by a host of English. Renovated health, increased spirits, and the relaxation of society, promised a speedy recovery. The colonel, from his being a town-

man, did not enjoy the romantic scenery of the place as a less dissipated mind might have done; but he just lived at Lausanne as he would have done in London. This is a common error of our countrymen, and is the cause why they derive so very little benefit from travelling. He had English servants, and even an English cook. He purchased four horses, and used to amuse himself with driving out all the morning, dined at seven, saw no foreigners, played deep, or had a ball or concert in the evening, instituted races, indulged too freely in hermitage and champagne, kept open house for the English, and gave to his residence the perfect air of London adjourned.

Nor was he without his foibles and

uncertainties of temper. He began to rebuke Susan for giving unbidden, but good, advice; he entered into clubs, and was less with her. At last he not only slighted her, but formed a connexion with a piquante brunette, a *marchande de mode*, very pretty, very cunning, and who spoke English, and was otherwise accomplished. On her he squandered large sums of money, and with her he consumed a large proportion of his time; whilst his uncomplaining bride “pined in thought,” and endeavoured in vain to recall his tenderness by new attentions, and increased endearments. How was he altered! He now seldom saw her, as he returned late from scenes of pleasure, and passed his mornings either with male companions, or with his *bonne amie*.

In one of his morning drives he met by accident with Captain Ogle, who had taken a charming retreat in the vicinity of Lausanne, and whom he earnestly entreated to make his house his home. But Ogle could not bear to witness the infelicity of Susan, which had now become the talk of the place; and he never accepted his pressing invitation.

At length the colonel had become a fashionable husband, and poor Susan was completely wretched. She had built her happiness on a foundation which was crumbling under her feet; and she saw that her romantic ideas of fixing a reformed rake were wholly erroneous. Many were her tempta-

tions to swerve from virtue's path ; for she had a crowd of admirers ; and his companions were dissipated and unprincipled enough not to respect a friend's wife. But Susan maintained the purity of her name. The more expensive and pleasurable her husband grew, the more retired and circumspect was she, and never complained either verbally to any of her acquaintance, or by letter, when she wrote home. One day she received the following laconic epistle from Sir Hugh ; but she had the prudence to destroy it, and not to make known its contents.

My dear child,

Write me two words, for I hate long letters ; and, above all, never thank

me for any act of kindness, nor flatter me, for I detest both; but just say how my nephew is, and if you are happy; for if he does not make you a good husband, I will never speak to him as long as I live.

Your's,

HUGH DE BERGAMOTTE.

The hard life which Colonel B. led at Lausanne defeated the purpose for which he went there; and his health began again to decline, when an accidental cold, caught in coming home from a ball, confined him once more to his bed. Here Susan's tenderness was, as before, unabated; she watched him night and day; nor would she even be seen by any of the numerous daily in-

quirers at their door. On this occasion Ogle came to visit them; but she was also denied to him, in order that her husband might have no just cause for jealousy, or for uneasiness. Conduct so delicate, and so worthy of esteem, could not fail to have its effect on her husband's heart, and gratitude produced what duty never should have lost sight of; he felt that he possessed a matchless woman; and, had his health permitted, he would have enjoyed returning happiness with returning affection.

His malady, however, gained ground, and a total breaking up of the constitution appeared at hand. Youth had often struggled against the disease, and as

often surmounted it; but no sooner did the sufferer feel renovated strength, than he plunged himself back into a sick bed, by some imprudence or other. He was now resolved to break off his connexion with Mademoiselle de Romainville, and to attach himself more firmly to Susan, who, beholding this return, readily forgave him all his errors; and, in answer to a letter from her father, which hinted that he had heard and feared that her husband was not acting to her as he ought, she assured him that he was the best of husbands, and that she was the happiest of women.

A trifling amendment in the colonel's health induced him again to give a

party. It was his birth-day, and he resolved to have a splendid entertainment. The company sat down in high spirits, and we shall give an *esquisse* of the Englishmen present on this occasion, their habits, their pursuits, and other particulars, in the following chapter.

CHAPTER III.

A USELESS MEMBER OF SOCIETY.

LORD MAIN had, without taste or accomplishments, without charity or benevolence, without taking any interest in the state, or distinguishing himself in any one way, contrived to run through an immense unentailed property, and to encumber his entailed one as deeply as he could. His predominant passion was the genteel amusement of cock-fighting; and, to gratify this, he would associate with a butcher, sit down in company with a vintner, drink with horse-dealers and grooms, and bet with

reputed thieves, who were flash-men, and who frequented all the famous cock-pits. Not unlike a peer who has written on rat-catching, he prided himself upon what he called being manly. He had always an interest in a pitched battle; and he was literally hand and glove with all the fancy.

Without ever shining in the gayer and more polished circles, he managed to owe his coachmaker fifteen thousand pounds, divers wine-merchants ten thousand, horse-dealers, breakers, and saddlers, about ten thousand more, and to have two thousand per annum to pay to cast-off mistresses, and to the unfortunate servants and tenants' daughters whom he had debauched.

The achievements of his life were confined to winning a handicap, when riding his own horse, to breeding a few good hunters, to breaking a rib with Meynel's hounds, and to having his nose knocked flat in a milling match with a hackney-coachman, to boasting of a large collection of fowling-pieces, and to keeping above thirty brace of dogs out at board on his departure from England.

He had now found incumbrances coming so thick upon him, that although his person was protected, yet he could not stand the daily and hourly importunities of his numerous creditors, nor could he enjoy the orgies of Cock-fighter's Hall (his estate) undisturbed

amidst gentlemen ruffians, dog-breakers, horse-dealers, the fancy, and the frail sisterhood. Moreover, he found it convenient to stop paying divers annuities; and he accordingly retired abroad, not to change his habits, or to reform his life, but to be beyond the reach of duns, and to be able to resist paying many just demands.

In order to indulge in his usual pastimes, he had brought with him a pack of harriers, and the son of the old ruffian, or of the new glutton, or some such honourable *nom de guerre*, to keep him in pugilistic practice. He had also procured for his travelling companion an elderly cyprian, whom he thus countenanced, in order to save

the annuity which he otherwise must have paid her.

Arrived at his destination, Lausanne, which he preferred merely with the idea of living entirely with the English, he gave himself up to drunkenness, and to every species of excess ; yet did this nobleman pass for a high-couraged man, for a sticking rider, for a bottomed blade, nay—wonderful to tell—for a right good fellow !!!—who never did a real good action in his days, but who, from pouring a great quantity of wine down his guests' throats, and from sitting late with low company, of which he was peculiarly fond, gained the name of being a hearty companion, and not at all proud. We are at a loss to know what he had to be proud of.

A FOX-HUNTER.

JOE HORSEMAN, the Leicestershire squire, had never much mixed in the extravagances of a town life. He hated London, and only went thither for fashion's sake once a-year, or, when a married man, to fetch his daughters from an expensive boarding-school. The turf and field were his delight. He had at an early period of his youth excelled as a horseman, and had devoted his whole life to being, what he called himself, a determined fox hunter. Often used he to say to his companions of the chase, "When you stop me up, boys, put my hunting-cap and a fox's brush upon my coffin; let my hounds and horses follow me in procession;

and give a view halloa over me, d'ye mind ;" and this speech was received with rapturous applause, and was considered as containing more sound sense and morality than the best homily which they had ever heard from the parson of the parish.

The squire disdained to read, so that he knew little or nothing of what was going on in the world ; and that little he collected from making one of his daughters read the newspaper to him on a *blank* day after dinner ; and as he slept half the time, and generally drank his two bottles, he got but a hazy insight into the affairs of the state. The price of corn, and the rise and fall of the cattle-market, were the main ob-

jects to which he attended. In debates, or matters of taste and literature, he was sure to misconceive the matter, and to go wrong, if he attempted to speak on either; but as to the pedigree of a horse, or the performance of a dog, no man was more thoroughly informed than himself.

When the chase was over, no man could speak louder, longer, nor more extensively than himself on the arcana of hunting, the nice calculations on all subjects of sporting, the very interesting minutiae of what every dog did, and the self-satisfied account of his horse and of himself, the blind leaps which they took, the ditches and ravines which they cleared, the double leaps,—how

brown George, his rat-tailed hunter, was a *dead good one* at timber, and how the old grey was a mortal good *fencer*, what a *sticker* the black Irish horse was, and what talent he himself shewed in bringing his little blood mare in after such a fatiguing day's chase, and through such a break-neck country. He would also discuss the bearings and distances of a suit on trespass, and on the game-laws; and he was listened to like the Delphian oracle, although "Γνωθι Σεαυτον" was not his text. Lastly, he could sing a hunting-song in a tone which might emulate a bull's most deep-toned accent of despair and rage, and in a style which none but a scientific fox-hunter could acquire.

In the dull season, i. e. out of the hunting season, he was dull indeed, quite flat, and below par. His amusements then were breaking shooting-ponies and young dogs, keeping the old ones in wind and exercise, cleaning his shooting and fishing tackle, angling until he grew sick with the blue devils, breeding pigs, and oiling his own bridles and other articles in his saddle and harness room.

Absorbed thus entirely *equis canibusque*, his animal spirits often failed him; and he used to pour in other spirits to kick up the beam to any thing like an equipoise. At other times he was so unequal in the contrary extreme, that it might fairly be said, that through

life the balance was against him : so thought many of his tradesmen, and particularly Mr. Hoby, although the squire kindly *stood in his shoes*, and eke on his ledger.

To save the trouble of courting, and of going from home to seek amatory adventures, the squire married the curate's daughter, who lived on his domain ; and as the squire had a large landed property, Miss Preachhard extended her views of extravagance and of fashion far beyond a drive out in the family coach and four, or the tame and rude pleasures of Manly Hall. She had furniture every two years down from London, run extensive accounts at Howell's, the dress-maker, and at a

lace warehouse near Berkeley Square, gave jewellery orders to Rundel and Bridge unknown to her husband, and, when in London, was as extravagant as a duchess. Moreover, the Misses Horseman learned every expensive branch of education, became insufferably affected, despised their father's inurbane manners, and grew up as conceited and as expensive as ma.

Whilst the laccman, the jeweller, the dressmaker, the upholsterer, and the milliner, were thus consuming the acres within doors, the horse-dealers, coachmakers, and clubs connected with sporting, were mortgaging them from without, and the farrier, the wine merchant, and the lawyer, were doing

their part; for the squire was always doctoring his cattle, keeping open house for his sporting friends, and was moreover of a litigious turn, and ever at law on some subject or other, against poachers, about boundaries, refusing to pay taxes, ejecting his tenants, horsewhipping men who run over his hounds in a hunt, discharging his grooms and gamekeeper, et cetera, et cetera; and, to fill up the measure of his ill luck, as he was a bad accountant, and a very lazy man, out of the field, every thing went into disorder, and he was at last ruined. He, however, still was thought an uncommon good fellow, although he never excelled in charity or generosity, except that of his table, in his whole life.

When run to ground, as he termed it, and neither being able to double, nor to break away again, he, like a stag, preferred taking to the water, rather than to standing at bay, with the bloodhound's bailiff, and follower, setter, spy, and attorney at his haunches; so he cleared the Channel, and once on foreign ground, made the play from Calais to Lausanne. There, with one stiff poney, and a parcel of dogs at his heels, a scolding wife, and expensive and discontented daughters, he put his face to the storm, borrowed of every body, paid nobody, was laughed at by every body, looked like nobody, was dying all day with the blue devils, and dead drunk all night with wine, brandy, and other combustibles. Such is the life of the fox-hunter exported abroad!

A POLITICIAN AND A WOULD-BE PATRIOT.

GEORGE JUNIPER is the son of a rich distiller. His father was a fixture in his own counting-house, and was seldom moved further than from it to his cellars for forty years, except when he drove out his fat wife in a one horse *chay* on a Sunday. An only son blessed the evening of his life; and with this child of his old age pride and ambition were also engendered. Mr. Juniper took a house, kept his carriage, then sported a country establishment, removing his gloomy counting-house and cellar to Finsbury Square. What a lift in the way of improvement! He next served the office of a sheriff,

and became one of Peg Nicholson's knights.

At last he left off trade ; and although a most correct model of personified vulgarity, he took upon him to play the gentleman. He next purchased an estate, and became the scourge and terror of the poor in his neighbourhood. His ambition had marked out in perspective a seat in parliament, and court favour in return for deaf, blind, unconditional and unreserved submission, and adherence to all government men and measures, be they what they might, and let their changes be ever so various, or contradictory ; but the spirit was not always strong in old Juniper. Death, that relentless creditor, brought

in his bill one day, and the distiller was forced to pay the debt. He had forgotten that he was old; but time kept an exacter account than he, and thus evaporated all the effervescence and fermentation of his ambitious projects.

Young Juniper had now returned from the university, and was swelling into a man of consequence. The spirit of his father was too tame for his enterprising mind, and he resolved at once upon being a luminary in the senate, and a party man. He turned to reading all sorts of political works, to frequenting speaking clubs, to procuring himself to be elected as president of debating societies; and he thought himself most fortunate in being distin-

guished by one of the party at an election dinner, where he spoke very impassioned, but very inconsistently, and at great length. This kind friend obligingly took him with him to the hustings next day, and still more familiarly and amicably borrowed five thousand pounds to assist him in his poll. Mr. Juniper was chaired upon this occasion, and followed amongst populous, rather than popular plaudits, by a dozen sweep chimnies, a score of paupers, a ragged regiment of children, a few drunken women, and by part of the paid-off crew of a vessel, who had just come, half sea's over, into town, and gave their support to blue ribbons, without further enquiry into the merits of the cause. However, Mr. Juni-

per was chaired, and he now saw himself above the world. His first act was to scatter large sums of money among the mob, to give a dinner to the black and blue squad, *id est*, to the sweep chimnies and to the sailors, not forgetting the buff and blue veins of the half-naked women and children. The next day he paid for being chaired again, got drunk, went to bed, and dreamed that he was the idol of the people.

At dinner, on the third day, a very momentous occurrence took place. He met with a designing lawyer, who persuaded him that the senate was in "*darkness visible*," for the want of his superior lights ; and that the speakers

on the treasury benches were to him just what the thick ropy oil, and coarse and half luminous cotton, in a dense greenish glass lamp without a reflector, is to the modern brilliancy of the more improved lustre of gas-lights. Mr. Juniper considered Mr. Doubleface not only as a sound politician, and a disinterested patriot, but a man of infinite discernment, thus to be the means of eliciting his powerful abilities.

He agreed to stand for a borough, and made a most flaming speech to the worthy and independent electors. He put himself to enormous expense in going down, keeping open houses to treat the mobocracy of the borough; and he was elected; but, on a scrutiny

taking place, nine-tenths of his electors were found to be disqualified: some were impostors who had no vote at all, and some active citizens had voted half a dozen times over, by disguising themselves in wigs, spectacles, *pastiche* corporations, black patches on their eyes, and other beggarly tricks of disguise and disfiguration.

What a disappointment not to be an M. P.! and what a misery to be P. M.! for it cost him almost all his property to stand paymaster on this occasion; and, at balancing accounts, the lawyer had twice as much to take for his bill as remained to Mr. Juniper from all the proceeds of alcohol, et cetera, of half a century of his father's life. He

now bethought himself of writing a memoir on his election, in which he clearly proved that the country was ruined, and that “there’s something rotten in the state of Denmark.” From this patriotic mixture of fermented matter, he was so intoxicated by the praise of his numerous friends, that he wrote a second publication, and thereby wrote himself into prison and into a large fine. He ought to have known that “*Sunt certi denique fines*,” by which he might have escaped his fate.

Liberated from durance vile, he found that he was scarcely worth a ducat; and he migrated, with the hope of times mending, with nothing to mend with.

and is one of the malcontents on the continent, meditating a further trip to North America. *En attendant* he is a miserable amongst miserales: he hates the monarchical government of almost all the continent, so far bordering on despotic, that he is frightened to death at revealing his opinion at great meetings of the English. He is made drunk, and then mounts on the table, and harangues to the great amusement of his tipsey auditors: whilst the fox-hunter incessantly upbraids him, with “D——me, Dicky, why did you run the wrong side of the post? You ought to have stuck to your father’s politics, and then you might have been knighted like the old gin-shopman.” This is an advice *sui*

generis — rather borish it must be allowed, and fitter for the swinish multitude, for the vulgar herd, than for political and polished society.

A QUALITY HUNTER.

MR. POMPOUS would have been a respectable private gentleman, and with a very pretty fortune, had not his love for following the great led him into error, expense, and finally into ruin. At college he was what is called a tuft hunter, or a follower of noblemen who wear the gold tuft or distinctive mark of nobility on their cap. To ride out with the presumptive heir of a peerage was the pride of his heart. He would sacrifice his time, waste his health, spend his last guinea, to be

associated with a Lord John, an Honourable Mr. or even, if higher could not be got, to entertain a baronet in the possession of his title. He would moreover endure slights, put up with ill temper, stand quizzing, not resent a hoax, lend money, sport his credit, or saddle himself with blame and disgrace to keep up (as he called it) such company. A seat in a coroneted carriage, a card of invitation from an earl, a viscount, or a baron, his name set down in a list filled with most nobles, baronets, right honourables; and honourables had such charms for him, that he would spare no trouble, no expense to obtain it.

As great men give themselves great

airs, his titled acquaintance would not put up with humble port and sherry, nor with plain old English fare ; so that at his frequent entertainments he used invariably to sport French wine, turtle, and venison in their season, and the greatest delicacy the town could afford. He had now made himself completely one of the umbræ of men of quality ; and it behoved him, as he was but the *elongated immaterial* representation of these originals, to be, in his taste, in his dress, and in his appointments, a faithful copy of his prototypes. Thus, if my Lord Fallowfield' (some modern peer) had sixteen waistcoats, so must Jack Pompous ; and if Sir Harry Reprobate changed his coat weekly, so must the copy ; and if a fashionable

man of title introduced some new whim in his carriage, directly Pompous went down to the Aere, and ordered one on the same model.

He almost broke his neck by belonging to the tandem club; and when thrown out, a collegiate punster cried to him, "*Surge tandem carnifex.*" He laid his skull open by riding a private match with a Greek of quality, he being as bad a horseman as a whip. He lent half his fortune to nobles of his acquaintance, and spent the rest on equally distinguished characters, some of whom spunged upon him, and others pigeoned him at play, and laughed at him afterwards for not being awake.

He now married a lady whose reputation was gone, and whose fortune had not yet arrived ; but then she had a title : her arms looked splendidly by the side of his on his vis-a-vis ; and he assumed a superb livery, in order to be worthy of such an alliance. The first year of their marriage she ran him deeply in debt ; and the second she ran away from him. On the third she returned, and he completed his ruin by supporting her in splendour, until they left England together. When his own fortune was gone, he imitated his superiors, by living on other men's means, and accordingly annuitized, did bills, borrowed of his inferiors, (he had learned this from higher examples), and still followed title and consequence,

fashion and notoriety, by migrating to the continent, and by leaving all his creditors in the lurch.

The better to imitate the noblesse, my lady goes her way, whilst he winks at her errors. He is asked to dinner by the acquaintances of his youth, and is getting fast into debt, in order to entertain them; and, if a prison, or the exposure of an escape, clear him of his debt abroad, he will be, by these friends of his youth, unpitied, and most certainly unassisted.

A BON VIVANT, AND GOOD FELLOW.

MAJOR MANYLOVE, who ever passed for the cream of good fellows, had the

misfortune when at college to have a strong head, which bore a good deal of wine, quick imitative powers, and a most retentive memory. Nature had, moreover, given him an originality which grew into a small bulk of wit, exactly suited for the pleasures of the table—for beguiling long hours, and for promoting the circulation of the festive bowl. He had the greater misfortune of singing well, and of being a walking magazine of flattery and small talk for women. Thus equipped for his journey through life, he started in high feather, and in high spirits, and generally “hot with the Tuscan grape, and high in blood.”

He had the gayest and the gaudiest

colours, and sails of fancy ; and, carrying far less ballast than sail, he soon got upon the rocks of fashionable difficulties, but escaped by means of an interested match. He once more had it in his power to keep open house for his friends, and to give to every man a slice of his property, and of his constitution, and to every woman a share of his heart. This was hot work, and the major soon ran aground again. Commission, horses and carriages, plate, jewels, wife's trinkets, furniture, and, at last, his library (for he is a very good scholar), went to carry on the war ; and he has often facetiously observed, that he has treated a party of friends to the best horse in his stable for dinner, offered at the shrine of beauty a

parcel of tables and chairs, gone to a ball upon a new edition of the classics elegantly bound, slept out upon his wife's pearl ear-rings, travelled to Bath on a stop-watch, paid his tailor with his tent and camp equipage, drank his epaulettes up in a bottle of Champagne, swallowed his sword for breakfast, and lent a distressed brother officer the whole lot of his boots and breeches.

Hitherto his health and spirits floated over all difficulties, and kept his neck above water. At last, the vital system giving way, his health failed him, and every thing menaced speedy and inevitable ruin. He now was obliged to live upon credit, and got deeply into debt again. Poverty, how-

ever, induced temperance, and temperance unexpectedly restored health. His difficulties had at the same time multiplied to a frightful amount: he could (as he relates) warm himself for the whole of the coldest day in winter by the flame of the unpaid bills of his tradesmen; paper his house with lawyer's letters, summonses, and writs; and raise a regiment of duns were he permitted to enlist them. He made an alphabetical list of them, and every morning used to call the roll, in order to determine what excuses, promises, kind words, or partial payments, could be made to this legion of devils.

At last he escaped to the continent,

where he is the corner stone of every table, the guest of every great entertainment, the entertainer of every company, the favourite of every circle, and the dependant of every countryman who has a guinea to give or to lend him, which is precisely the same thing, the major's word being as good as his bond. He will lie in bed all day and distort the whole of the classics into Greek and Latin puns, prepare bon mots, repartees, and double entendres, for every circumstance in life, sally forth in good humour with himself and with all the world, meet a friend, borrow a guinea, get invited out to dinner, be luminous at the festive board, and thus enlist some new acquaintance, who is delighted with

him for a season ; he, poor devil ! having nothing

“ But his good humour to clothe and feed him.”

What a retrospect must his be, if he look back ! What talent prostituted ! what time lost ! what ease of fortune, and respectability of situation thrown away ! If a sage said, on reflecting, “ *diem perdidisti*,” how many “ *dies, menses annosque*” has this thoughtless *bon vivant* lost in the same manner ! Useful would the lesson have been to him, if inculcated and enforced in his youth,

“ Defer not ’till to-morrow to be wise.

For thee to-morrow’s sun may never rise.”

A MAN OF GALLANTRY.

SIR HERBERT MAR-PEACE, a very old baronet, who was one amongst the colonel's guests, is the withering weed which has disfigured the garden of innocence, killed, by its contact, the lily's purity, choaked the growth of friendship and of legitimate love, poisoned the peace of mind of many a fond swain and tender maid, and destroyed the brightest prospects which lay open to youth and beauty.

Sir Herbert was thought at college a very handsome man: he naturally grew a very vain man: he cultivated merely the exterior; he became

highly accomplished as to the graces, the study of which the reprobate Lord Chesterfield so strongly urges; he skimmed the cream of politeness and *gaieté*, so as to fit him for conversation, and elegant female society; and then he set himself down as a seducer by system, a sensualist by inclination, a voluptuary by practice. He gloried in his arts to betray, and he trumpeted his vices and his infamies as if they were so many virtues and perfections.

He made his first *coup d'essai* on a fair milliner at Oxford, whom he seduced under promise of marriage, and afterwards left in London to seek her fortune, and to join the cohort of un-

fortunates, who often claim the tear of pity more than the closeted moralist thinks. He next entered the militia, and seduced a brother officer's wife, for whom he paid the forfeit of damages awarded by a jury of his country. Then he made the grand tour to perfect himself in the arts of love, and got acquainted with women of intrigue of all countries, from whose vices and instructions he has culled a more perfect system of atrocity than *Les Liaisons dangereuses*, *le Chevalier Faublas*, the Monk, or any other infamous publication can afford; and he has armed and supplied himself with all the namby pamby, all the amatory sweetness, all the dangerous distillation of poison from Lewis, Moore, et cetera, et cetera,

embellished with quotations, such as—

“ Woman, lovely woman !

“ Nature made thee first to temper man,”

“ We had been but brutes without you.”

or,

“ Love free as air,” et cetera.

With all this loose and portable ammunition did Sir Herbert incessantly assail the unguarded fair, or the vascillating frail one, until the work of her ruin was complete. It is his guilty boast, that the pledges of his illicit love would fill his castle ; that he has spared neither age nor rank, from the warm yet timid tenant of a seminary, to the experienced melting widow in the vale

of years, nor from the robust peasant-drudge up to the nervous, pleasurable, and changeful duchess : he has, he boasts, employed every artifice, enlisting Bacchus and Hermes, as well as Cupid and Apollo, to forward his sensual views ; employing hypocrisy, prodigality, craft, persuasion, and violence, in his amours. Sham weddings, fictitious names, signatures, and disguises, are familiar to him ; whilst he has kept a list of victims, the foibles and falls of each of whom serve as amusement and triumph for the last sacrifice to his degraded appetite.

Declining in youth and in appearance, he has lastly broken the heart of a young husband, and brought the re-

penting wife off with him to avoid paying forfeit a second time to the law. They live most unhappily in mutual upbraidings; and she passes her life in self-consuming reproach, and in unpeaceful retirement; whilst the men of fashion have the baseness to receive this gazetted villain, because forsooth he has a title, a good fortune, entertains in return, and is considered as a man of the world. Would to heaven that "*virtus sola nobilitas*" were the motto of our nobles of the land!

We cannot give a better picture of this traitor than Susan's account of him, when asked by her husband how she liked Sir Herbert, whom he considered as a perfect man of fashion.

Susan replied, " that to her he was odious ; she saw in his appearance the broken remains of an effeminate fop ; in his behaviour the unqualified principles of a degraded libertine ; in his flattery the disgusting repetition of insidious insincerity ; in his smile the treacherous artifice of seduction ; in his conduct the unsuccessful, worn-out, and paralyzed inclination to carry vice to his grave : in a word, that his breath was a mildew, his contact infectious, his society pernicious, and himself contemptible." The colonel, however, not coinciding in this wise and just opinion, continued to receive him, as did his other countrymen.

CHAPTER IV.

THESE were the most noted characters at the colonel's fête, these were the unworthy associates of his choice. The entertainment went off with great spirit; but, during the course of it, a sweepstakes was proposed for the next day, for horses of all ages, carrying weight in proportion; and the colonel was rash enough to enter his horse. The match was to be rode by none but the proprietors of the horses; and Colonel B. was imprudent enough to agree to be one. The pride of wine, the vanity of showing off an elegant jacket, the love of dashing, and of "astonishing the weak

minds of the natives" by the weaker whims of English fashion, induced him to make good his engagement.

The party met next day. A drizzling rain had made the air damp, and had rendered the sod slippery. Old Horseman proposed putting off the race, but Lord Main was positive, and the colonel was *piqué d'honneur*; so it was agreed that the race should take place. Foreigners were assembled in great numbers; and Sir Herbert observed that it would be a pity to disappoint the ladies. The gentlemen jockies, accordingly, weighed; and Major Manylove was appointed umpire and conductor of the affair. He gave the word "off,"—and away flew our British blades, with

as much emulous anxiety, but not so swiftly and full of glory as those British blades at Waterloo, which, leaping from their scabbards, decided the fate of nations.

Lord Main took the lead; the colonel was next: they made the play in earnest; the others held back for a second heat. My lord's racer flew like the wind, covering a great extent of ground at each stretch; the old squire's blood reined in his neck like a rainbow, and bounded impetuous at the controul of the tight rein of his rider; the colonel pressed the peer hard. They turn the corner the second time; the peer loses a length; the colonel gains ground considerably; they descend the

declivity. At coming in, "five to four on Colonel Bergamotte's brown horse" was the universal cry. "Done, Sir, done ; three to two ; two to one ; he nears the winning-post." "Huzza !" cry the British servants assembled ; "master against the field," bawls his groom.

Lord Main now plies whip and spur, and lifts his horse half a length ; the colonel prepares to throw his horse in ; the animal slips—the colonel is precipitated from his stirrup—he falls, and breaks his collar bone. His friends surround him, and he is lifted up. "Not at all hurt ; catch the horse," says the colonel, in a proud, yet in a wounded one of voice ; but, on examination, the fracture is discovered. The colonel was

the favourite in the race ; his real friends are filled with regret ; crowds surround him ; all enquire after him. Was Lord Main touched with sorrow for his friend ? No—he had won the race. Was Sir Herbert distressed at so severe an accident ? No—he envied his former superiority. What said old Horseman ? D—him, serve him right for being so obstinate ; he ought not to have made the match ; I knew that he was not fit to ride ; so out of wind, so weak, so out of condition, so out of practice, and at best but a second-rate jockey. I knew well enough that *some'at* would happen. What said the towns-people ? “ *Qu'ils sont fous ces Anglais ! quel etourdi, quelle bête est ce colonel la !* ” What said the major ?

Nothing; he raised him up, with a look of real regard, and carried him to his carriage, where poor Susan was more dead than alive; but receiving his head upon her bosom, she thus supported him until they reached their hotel. Her's was a life of anxiety. Now was she again become the nurse of a sick, imprudent, and declining husband.

The bone was set, but the damp air brought on a catarrh, and he soon grew worse than ever. Captain Ogle was the first anxious enquirer; and his other friends were unwearied in their attentions at his gate. Lord Main was alone anxious for his money, and applied for payment at the moment when the colonel was in the most imminent danger.

Sir Herbert had designs upon Susan, and fawned, and pretended to weep at his friend's fate, calling assiduously with a wish to see the wife of the man whose dishonour he had meditated. The colonel was pleased at these attentions, and insisted on his wife's receiving them with politeness and with gratitude: and the first opportunity which the baronet had of an interview, he slipped a *billet doux* into Susan's hand as he withdrew: she threw it, unopened, out of the window, hoping that he would see it in that situation of contempt as he went out of the door; but Captain Ogle being in the act of knocking at the time, seized it as it fell, which gave a very different turn to the adventure.

The letter was conceived in the

most extravagant terms of adoration ; it reproached her for her cold contempt and for her killing aversion, painted himself as the fixed flutterer of many years, the attached slave after long wanderings and errors, divulged every secret of the colonel's, vilified and exposed him to his wife, praised himself and magnified his fortune and consequence, and concluded with an Italian quotation, to prove how barbarously cruel she was to him, to which he added his own translation, a little wide in the concluding line, the better to serve his purpose.

The moment Ogle had satisfied his anxiety respecting the colonel's health, he withdrew to a convenient spot and perused the infamous letter. Indignant

at its contents, he followed the baronet to a club frequented by the English, and, producing the letter, thus addressed him: "Sir Herbert Marpeace, if I were to content myself with privately resenting, in my friend's place, the injury which you designed to do him—if I were satisfied with punishing you for the basest violation of the laws of honour and of hospitality—if, finally, I were to confine myself to avenging the woman, who, but for her contempt for you, you would have outraged and insulted, I should only have half performed my duty to assailed innocence, to betrayed confidence, and to the character of an Englishman so villainously debased, so scandalously disfigured, so grossly degraded in your person."

“What may be the object of your mission, Sir—what the mighty cause of your delirious raving?” interrogated the proud baronet, with an air of ineffable contempt.

“But,” continued the captain, “I am resolved publicly to chastise you for your presumption, exemplarily to put the broad seal of infamy on your person and name, strongly to make you smart for your hoary-headed treason, and publicly to make an example of you before your countrymen.”

Sir Herbert drew up in the most contemptuous form, and said, “You shall pay, Sir, for this insanity.”

“Read this,” continued Ogle.

“Nonsense!” exclaimed the reprobate, tearing it in pieces, and preparing to throw it at the captain; but the latter seizing him by the collar, dragged him to the door, and most violently caned him to his very threshold, then throwing him in, and applying a kick to the seat of honour, he concluded with “take that, thou scented ruffian; and if you don’t meet me in an hour, I post you for a coward, and shall, at all events, publish your conduct to the world.”

The baronet flew to his pistols, and swore that he would not leave the field until he stretched his adversary lifeless at his feet. He had a great difficulty in finding a second; but at last Mr.

Pompous accepted that office, because he had to do with a titled man. The major accompanied Ogle, and at the very first fire his shot broke the baronet's thigh bone, and brought him to the ground. He called out to be raised up again, and he tried to fire a second time; but his hand trembled; the pistol fell from it; he fainted from loss of blood, and was carried off the field in a most hopeless state. Captain Ogle observed to his second, "If I have killed this wretched man, I am sorry for it; but if he recover, he may call on me again; and, should the colonel get over his malady, he may depend on answering to him for his iniquity, unless he publish the most unqualified avowal of his guilt and of his repentance."

Sir Herbert recovered. He now lingers out a wretched existence, and is a miserable object. On his recovery, Sir Hugh de Bergamotte called him out; but he declined combat on the score of his being a wretched cripple, and the just victim of his own misdeeds. Thus again do we see virtue triumphant and vice punished.

But let us return to the sick man. His malady gained ground hourly; his strength failed him perceptibly; regret and affliction seized upon his mind; he saw again by what worthless acquaintances he was surrounded, how he had slighted the best of women; too late, he appreciated her worth; and he bitterly felt that his possession of her must

be of short duration. This last conduct of Ogle had placed him on a higher pinnacle than ever; he wished to unbosom himself to him on all his intentions, hopes, fears, and designs; he hastily drew up a paper, and sealed it with black wax; and, ringing his bell, sent for Ogle. He arrived---it was too late---the colonel was speechless---he embraced Susan---motioned Ogle to approach him, and expired in their arms.

A wild shriek of frantic despair was the only sign of life in Susan; and she was again borne in silent, utterless woe, to be once more stretched on a bed of sickness. Captain Ogle took up the sealed paper: it was addressed to Susan

with these words---“ To be opened in one twelvemonth from my demise.” The captain left the room in an agony : it was a woeful scene !

Besides the paper thus sealed and addressed, a will in holograph was found. It had been made unknown to every one, at the moment that the colonel first considered himself in danger. It breathed the most pious sentiments ; it repaired every folly of the colonel's life as far as in his power lay ; it recommended Susan to Sir Hugh as to a second father ; it contained many charitable donations, for which purpose a quantity of very valuable timber was to be cut down ; it left legacies to all his servants ; and, lastly, it directed

very large sums to be bequeathed to his father-in-law, and to the incomparable Ogle. It further gave orders that his body should be conveyed to Hugh Hall, and that it should be attended by his best and most valuable friend.

This bequest brought serious and awful reflections into Ogle's mind. How he lamented the fate of this young man! What a mixture of good and of evil! What a contrast betwixt heroism and weakness! What an honour and ornament he might have been to society! His thoughts next turned to his widow. How wretched and how disconsolate! How short lived were her pleasures! She had been a wife but a

few short months ; she had been happy but a few days ! Sickness or unkindness, danger or misconduct, had marred her promised joys, and occupied the remaining space of time. Well might she say that her delights in life

————— had been,
Like angel visits, few and far between.

She was now, widowed, alone, in a foreign country, young and unprotected ; but she possessed one friend, and he resolved never to desert her. Her present situation was tremendous : but more of this in the ensuing chapter.

CHAPTER V.

“Troubles so numerous fill my crowded mind,
“That no one more can hope a place to find.”

SUCH was the language of Hercules, given us by Euripides. Such might also have been the language of Susan; for, after the period of delirium, such was her state of mind. The sufferings of her body had decreased; yet when she reflected how far she was from home, how uncertain when, and if ever she should reach it, how deserted she was, how much she needed and longed for her parents, how dear they were to her, and what would be their sufferings when informed of all

the disasters of her life, she sunk into despondency. Even with Ogle, that tried, that best of friends, she scarcely dared to trust herself. Never was female more perplexed.

Ogle, with a delicacy peculiar to him, at length hit upon the means of enjoying Susan's society, and of beguiling the painful hours of her exile, the long days of her separation from friends and home. Even when journeying to the continent, whilst her husband was living, she felt home-sick; and her heart, like the faithful compass, ever pointed to the north. Often would she say to herself---

“Where'er I rove, whatever realms I see,

“My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee.”

If such were her feelings at that juncture, how much more acutely did she feel the love of home, the desire of reposing amongst those who were most dear to her, in the *dulce domum*, where first she drew her breath, where every thing seemed to bear relation to her, and where she felt an interest in the most minute works of nature.

Not even the Swiss themselves have a greater *maladie du pays* than the highlander; and Susan was, in spite of change of time, situation in life, or place of residence, always the wild highland girl *au fond du cœur*. The plan which Ogle adopted to visit his friend without restraint was to bring with him a French emigrant officer who had been

in England, and who, as well as his sister, retired to and were resident at Lausanne. Colonel Bergamotte had received great attention from this gentleman during his illness; and he was almost the only companion of Ogle in his romantic retreat, and previous to the colonel's accident, which had drawn out the friend of the family into active life, and into frequenting his house.

Monsieur le Chevalier de St. Maurice (this was the name of the faithful royalist) had abandoned his country and his fortune to follow the fate of his beloved monarch. In his infancy he had learned that

Suivre les Bourbons, c'est voler à la gloire.

VOLTAIRE.

Had he therefore encountered the hot field of battle merely for his sovereign, he would have thought little of it; but he was compelled to endure the harder fate of serving in unsuccessful expeditions in La Vendée, and elsewhere, and in enduring, with pious patience and unabated resignation, twenty-five years exile, privations, poverty, and disgust, at seeing tyranny triumphant, and virtue in banishment. The scene was now changed: he possessed a small fortune, and he returned home; but finding himself a perfect stranger at home, he retired to the enchanting scenery of the Lake of Geneva, often saying, with the Latin poet, “*Deus nobis hæcatia fecit*”; and forming acquaintance with the English, whose habits had become his

own, and where he was more at ease than amongst the contending interests, dormant, or half-stifled resentments, the various opinions and jarring elements of his countrymen. With Captain Ogle he felt particularly charmed. There was a justness in viewing objects, and a mildness in forming his opinion, which is very seldom found in a young man. On the occasion of the chevalier's regretting that, in his early youth, he served against the English in North America, and on his blaming the object of that war, Ogle interrupted him by saying, that rival nations, when the contest was over, were not the less friends. Nothing could be more congenial to the chevalier's soul; and this circumstance served, more closely, to unite their friendships. The chevalier

and his sister now waited on the colonel's widow; and from that time to her departure from Lausanne they became daily visitors. One evening, when they called upon her, they found her reading, and bathed in tears: it was Moore's beautiful poem, which awakened fond remembrances in her mind, and brought home and the days of childhood full in her view. The mellifluous strain runs thus:

SONG.

There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day
long;
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet
dream,
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.
That bower and its music I never forget;
But oft when alone, in the bloom of the year,
I think—Is the nightingale singing there yet?—
Are the roses still bright by the calm Bende-
meer?

No, the roses soon withered that hung o'er the
wave,

But some blossoms were gather'd, while freshly
they shone,

And a dew was distill'd from their flowers, that
gave

All the fragrance of summer, when summer
was gone.

Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,

An essence that breathes of it many a year ;

Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,

Is that bower on the banks of the calm Ben-
demeer !

* * * * *

After a few days, it was thought safe
to remove Susan ; whilst the remains
of her husband, embalmed, were trans-
ported, at immense expense, from Lau-
sanne to the family vault at Hugh Hall,
attended by the faithful Ogle and by
his domestics. The Chevalier de St.
Maurice and his sister attended Susan,

and escorted her until she embarked at Calais; such was their friendship for her. She had spent few happy hours at Lausanne; yet, in viewing the beautiful scenery about it, she felt that *attendrissement* which warm hearts and souls of sensibility experience when viewing the beauties of nature, and when warmed by that glow which is nothing else than the divinity which stirs within us. There are more lofty, more awful and sublime scenes, than these in other parts of the country; Mont Blanc, for instance; but there is here a sweet serenity, a lovely quietude, and the most romantic softness that any combination of attractions can possibly form; and we confess that we agree with Boileau in preferring this both in scenery

and in imagery to the more sublime style which must ever partake of the terrific.

J'aime mieux un ruisseau qui, sur sa molle arene,
Dans un prêt plein de fleurs lentement se promene,
Qu'un torrent debondé qui d'un cours orageux
Roule plein de gravier, sur un terrain fangeux.

L'ART POETIQUE DE BOILEAU.

In scenes of sublimity the soul soars above itself; but in the contemplation of prospects full of serenity, the heart melts, and all our sympathies are awakened. We shall pass over the painful journey of the afflicted party, the arrival of Susan in England, the mingled feeling of pleasure and of pain which our highland beauty experienced at landing, of pleasure at beholding Britain once more, of pain at looking back to the last time

she had beheld the white cliffs of Dover, when she had her partner by her side. We wave, in like manner, her regrets and her *adieu*ing at parting with her good friends; and we feel unequal to the task of painting her situation on arriving at Hugh Hall, her embracing once more her distracted parents, her viewing the “idle mockery of woe,” arising from sable ornaments, widow’s weeds, mourning countenances, and funeral pomp and parade. The heart that has felt these pangs, the eye that has run over at viewing such objects, well know their sad effect. Let us, therefore, turn from the subject; and we may say to the feeling reader, “*Votre cœur vous en dira le reste.*”

When the gloomy scene was concluded, and each man had prepared to turn his back upon the mortal part of what had been, Sir Hugh gravely and gloomily stepped forward: he shed not a tear: the source of this relief was dried up, like the blasted and sapless monarch of the wood, struck by the fierce lightning, and rent in twain by convulsive winds. He turned to Ogle and said, with something like a half frown and half contemptuous smile on the littleness of human affairs, "Here closes my scene: heirs and relatives, friends and companions, I have none: my name goes down to the land of forgetfulness with this young man; my title sinks with the clod of the valley into which he" — he paused ——"poor youth! will

soon be compressed : he gave me much uneasiness during his youth, and I myself have been too stubborn of control, too harsh and unbending to others ; but it is all over now ; nature has done with her resentments in me. Fare ye well : bear this signet ring to Susan, and tell her that I bless her with it ; but she will never see me more." Then, taking off his hat with infinite dignity and grace, he repeated, " Gentlemen, fare ye well," and flew off in his chaise and four at three parts speed. It was true that none of his acquaintance ever saw him again, for he withdrew to Germany, and ended his days in a monastery.—Thus ended the career of Sir Hugh de Bergamotte, who, had misfortune not caused him to wither in the

ripening, might have flourished, the honour of his house and name.

Susan now separated from Ogle, not without many a tear. She accompanied her parents to London, where she made a short stay, and from whence she was to proceed to her native mountains. Many a time did she wish that she had never quitted them; but that was vain. Time had been; and days were rolling on; the tide of time was before her; and she must be borne down its stream; yet all was cold and dreary, and she resolved to end her days in the Highlands.

During her residence in town, she expressed a wish to visit the new Bethlem-

Hospital. It was a strange wish ; but it suited the acquired gloomy habit of her soul. The laird endeavoured to dissuade her from it ; but seeing how much she urged her request, he complied, when, on entering that mansion of misery, the first figure which struck her eye was the unfortunate female who had been seduced, and had eloped from her husband with Sir Herbert Marpeace. Shortly after Sir Herbert's duel, she had been attacked by a brain fever, from which but half recovering, she solicited him to be permitted to return to England, and to end her days in solitude and sorrow. With this the worthless rake complied ; but, unfortunately for her, being attacked with a relapse of her malady, and being by the derelic-

tion of her husband and family cut adrift as it were from society, she was placed under the roof of wretchedness. She was clad in white, with a bit of blank paper in her hand, which she fancied was written on, and was singing the following mad song :

I built my hope
On a sandy slope,
Where the white foaming billows came dashing
again ;
Now I scarce can trace
One mark of the place
Where I thoughtlessly plann'd out a structure
so vain.

As the waves encrease,
My hope and my peace
Sink deeper and deeper beneath the rude main ;
The waves ebb and flow,
My lot is not so ;
The ebb of my fortune must ever remain.

As long as the wave
Continues to lave
The rock's rugged surface projecting on high,
So long must I grieve,
And my bosom still heave
With the strong swelling throb of deep agony's
sigh.

Yet there still is one
Whose dread hand alone
Has fashion'd the rude rocks, the winds, and
the seas ;
Who enthron'd above,
In the realms of love,
Can give to the bosom of wretchedness ease.

She sung this strain repeatedly; then casting an eye on Susan, she seized her hand, and kissing it, said; " Lay that innocent hand on my poor guilty, burning brain. My heart's dried up, and my head is all in a flame. Sweet, sweet, spotless lady, how cool your hand is ;

it calms my poor senses, and quite recalls my reason. Fear not, gentle lady; I shan't pollute you, nor do I ever hurt any one but my poor self. Lady—never love—and if you are loved, never betray.” Here a wild look showed that she was touching the chord on which her agonizing feelings vibrated most strongly. She looked as if she half recollected Susan, and gave a deep sigh. Susan melted into a flood of tears; but her father and a female keeper interposed, and separated them. M‘Tavish bore his unhappy daughter away, whilst the female attendant led the poor maniac to her cell. “Don’t hurt me, Jenny,” said she, and she kissed her hand. “Not for the world,” cried the highlander, throwing a pound

to the keeper, and adding, “if you hurt that dear bruised spirit you deserve to be hanged.”

This visit cost poor Susan several days confinement, after which, she at last turned her face to her native north. What a change in the M'Tavish family since it was last in town! Susan a widow, her father a man of experience and gravity, her mother *revenue de ses erreurs*. Whilst in London, the family was not in a state either to visit or to receive company; but as it may be well to give a relief to the gloom into which their affairs may have plunged our reader, we shall, in the next chapter, give a list of the company who frequented

Jacquier's Hotel, where the highland family now lodged, and which enjoys its full share of celebrity in the metropolis.

CHAPTER VI.

JACQUIER'S HOTEL has some attractions which even exceed Long's and Escudier's. It is nothing inferior to them in point of charges ; and, in addition to the fashionable exquisites, insipids, and ruffians, who frequent it, foreigners fill up the group which appears in this *lanterne magique* of high life. Many an English coxcomb, too, lolls on a bench in the coffee-room, or makes a party in a gayer apartment, in order to sport his broken unintelligible French to Monsieur Jacquier, and calls for French dishes and French wines, (both of which are admirable) with the view of showing his good taste and supe-

riority to a greater Johnny Raw than himself: but these are below notice; we therefore proceed to the more known and accredited *merveilleux* of the town.

COLONEL CAPON.

“Who is that strange land-crab like, overgrown turtle, or unnatural exotic, who calls at the hotel every day, but who lodges always at Ibbotson’s whils-in town—he who looks like a bag-pipe without a chanter, perched upon two sticks?” said a buck to Mr. M‘Tavish.

“Why, Sir,” said the chief, a little ruffled by the remark, “that’s a very honest man.”

“ I dare say he is,” replied the town-beau ; “ for an honest man is a *rara avis* now, and our friend does not look unlike an overgrown, hobbling swan, or a stuffed capon.”

“ The gentleman is my countryman,” added the laird, bristling like a huge bear, and stroking his whiskers half-a-dozen times.

“ I’m truly sorry for that,” answered the buckish enquirer. “ I was in hopes that you had none of that breed in the north : but who is he ? ”

“ The brother of a great law-lord, high in our bench, at the very top of the tree : he is a colonel in the East

India Company's service; very rich, very good, very patriotic, and, in short, a very fine gentleman: he commanded a corps of volunteers during the war, and has always deserved well of his country. I assure you, Sir, (laying the stress on *you*, and pulling down his wristbands with an air of importance) that you don't know who you are speaking of: he is very much considered indeed (the emphasis being laid on *indeed*) amongst us in the north." Here the laird supposed that he had silenced the young man's battery, and had thrown him into the utmost confusion. *Point du tout*: the old gentleman was never more mistaken in his life; for the young man, giving a long whistle, exclaimed, "Yes, by Juno, but I do know d——d

well who I'm speaking about. I now recollect the old humbug perfectly. I remember seeing him in Edinburgh when I was there for a fortnight. I saw him at a review, and remember that the grenadiers laughed at him ; one said to another, ' Here *she* comes ; look at *our auld betch* of a lieutenant-colonel ;' and I thought I never beheld such an object in regimentals ; he seemed like the armed *neutrality* of a nation of non-descripts. I never laughed so much in my life as when the fellow came to give the word of command : it was just like a big baby squeaking through a penny tin trumpet. I know the spark quite well now. How the devil came they to put such a sack of grains at the head of a regiment ? I

suppose he was cut off in his retreat in India, and lost his promotion and his popularity together; ha, ha, ha. By Jove, I wish you joy of your friend. The corps of which he was lieutenant-colonel I remember also: it was composed of carpenters and joiners, and I don't know what besides; and there were about twenty officers in it in the upholstery and *undertaking* line (deadly fellows to be sure), which made their colonel facetiously observe that his officers were as fit for the *cabinet* as for the *field*; excepting always your friend, who is only fit for a cabinet of curiosities, or, still more so, for a *cabinet d'aisance*. A girl of my acquaintance asked if there was not something *odd* about him. 'Upon my life,' replied

I, ‘I don’t know. I rather think there is nothing *at all* about him but sawdust: he would do devilish well, however, to stop a ball, like a sand-bag:’ but, good morning to you, Sir: I wish you joy of your friend;” and off he went. Never did the laird feel more mortified.

MRS. DUBOIS.

“What a beautiful woman!” cried M’Tavish, looking out of the window, and seeing a very showy female pass.

“*Fronte nulla fides*; all’s not gold that glitters:”

“Ni donna, ni te la

“Non comprara la candelà,”

replies an exquisite of a guardsman with his sash on for the first time, and just off the anvil at Eton. “There’s a useful adage for you in *three* languages; and if you like to add old Master Horace, the d——d old reprobate’s lesson to it, you may say “*Discipemur specie recti.*” Here he picked his teeth, and hummed a waltz.

“Might I,” replied the old mountaineer, “request you to tell me her name, if you know her?”

“*Avec beaucoup de plaisir,*” answered the *merveilleux*, adjusting at the same time his cravat; “and as for knowing her, my good Sir, believe me, I know all the good-looking women in

town; but she is too autumnal, *trop fanè*, for my market: the rose is overblown, and fallen all abroad; its lustre and sweets have evaporated and disappeared; the bloom is off the plum, my good Sir; no such vamped up merchandise for me; she's what we call a *dix huit* in French, that is, *deux fois neuf*; you're up: you understand French enough to feel the pun, ha, ha; not so bad, old gentleman; she's a twinkling star, just ready to go out. I'm not such a boy as to be had that way; that's d——d bad taste; I hate the dowager *train*; aye, and the *dowager petticoat*, you perceive. I'll tell you what I do (pulling up his pantaloons, and shaking himself as it were further into them), I look into the opera at the last ballet,

or into the play at the last act; I nod to all the females worth looking at, whether I know them or not; and if I want a new acquaintance, I put my card into their hands, or chuck it at 'em, and then they directly drop their handkerchief, and pick up both together."

"That's very convenient and very free," observed the laird. "To be sure that's quite the go. Do you find that always succeed?" gravely said the highlander.

"About ninety-nine times out of a hundred," rejoined the guardsman (hitting his boot with his whip); "and when it does not, I set the party down

for either near-sighted or for a mock-modest rustic of bad taste, who knows nothing of town, and who is in fear of being blown."

"Pray, Sir (M'Tavish drawing closer to him), do you practise this upon all ranks?"

"Positively upon all ranks, from the duchess to the tradesman's daughter, or the spruce milliner, if worth my while." Here, wheeling his neck round in his stiff cravat, and pulling up his winkers in form of a shirt collar, and at the same time taking a look in the glass, he added, "and had it been a fine woman who had asked me the question, I should have tipped her the old boy

Horace again, and have said, ‘*Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur.*’ Ha, ha, ha:—you see I know a thing or two, though I am a lobster.”

“What! if she did not understand Latin?”

“Why, then (kicking his dog from under the table) I’d have made her understand me in another way.”

“But,” said M‘Tavish, “all this time you don’t tell me who the lady is.”

“Oh, true, I forgot: why that is Mrs. Dubois: she looks beautiful by candle-light; but that won’t do for me; it must be all *luce clarior*, or some

other bright noon-day Lucy for me, ha, ha, ha! At 'em again, you see, *iterum iterumque*.

“ Madame Dubois has been a star, a very constellation, though not a *heavenly body* now, you perceive: she's devilish tall and well made, but you may take my word for it, that when the curtain drops the scene changes, ha, ha, ha!”

“ She was once very much admired, and they say she has a *kick in her gallop*: there's a fine boy about fourteen, of whom she is very fond, and who calls her aunt; but I have seen more of these aunts and uncles before: a devilish convenient name! I have seen *soi-*

disant old maids and bachelors, aunted and uncled up this way ; aye, and married men, who ‘ had no issue of their body lawfully begotten,’ as the law says, have a nephew or a niece, as like them as two drops of water.

“The *fama clamosa* has not been quite silent on this subject, with respect to Mrs. Dubois, and sets down, ‘ my nephew,’ for something far nearer of kin. I neither know nor care, whether that be true or not. The dame is very fond of sporting her figure at her balcony ; and if the *on dits* be true, she is not quite indifferent to a Captain S——, a friend of the husband’s. The captain is as poor as a church mouse, and he has been seen veering

and swimming round the rules of the Bench, like a swallow over a lake or a pond, previous no doubt to his *dipping in*, (you perceive), ha! ha! ha! He's just reconnoitring before he takes up a position—an old soldier's trick, a good piece of generalship.

“I suppose the old lady will give the poor devil a lift, if he becomes a ruler! Some of our rulers of the land are there I'm told, and upon my soul, times are such, that there's no saying, under the existing circumstances, what a man may come to.”

“That's very true,” replied the laird with a significant nod.

LIEUTENANT MAQUIGNON.

This worthy is the son of an eminent conveyancer. He is honest, open hearted, and what is called a good fellow. He is not like so many fashionables of the day, either up, awake, or down as a nail, nor does he know any of the gentlemanlike *ruses de guerre*, the modern ways and means to get on in life. His fortune is small, yet hitherto he has made it do without temporizing by letters of license, compromising by occult bankrupt practices, or by white-washing by the act, which is now as common and fashionable a term as any used amongst our ruffians and exquisites. He has never been quartered in the Isle of Man, or in the

abbey of Holyrood House, nor has he departed himself until the storm blew over, *i. e.* until he is forgotten, and until the patience of his creditors being worn out, they are disposed to wait any length of time, and to take any thing which an unprincipled negotiator may propose. Neither is he of the pensioned list, amongst whom we have nobles, general officers, and young subs on the fat provision of a dowager, a deformed female gallant, or a slighted, passed-by, yet willing and amorous demirep, supported by the subscription purse of divers annuities.

All these sources are unknown to honest George; and his course through life has proceeded hitherto fairly and tranquilly.

As to his mental powers, it has been thought by the different corps in which he has served, that he is not very likely either to set fire to the Thames, or to blow up the Peake of Teneriffe; nor is the discovery of the longitude, or any improvement in mathematics, looked for at his hand. He fancies that he possesses *le talent de plaire*, and that he is gifted with plenty of small talk to please the fair; but, somehow or other, they do not seem to be quite of the same opinion; and, as he can read French, it would be of service to him to peruse *l'art poetique de Boileau*, where he will find, in *chant premier*, this useful lesson:

“ Tout ce qu'on dit de trop, est fade et rebu-
tant,

“ L'Esprit rassasié le rejette a l'instant ;”

moreover, the infantine, school-girl kind of a lisp with which he delivers his hacknied and got-by-heart compliments, double entendres, and would-be witticisms, does not much honour to his conceptions, and miscarries in its effect. To see a tall fellow of above six feet high, lisping out, “*Kith me, Mith Thopia,*” has a *prepothoroughly ridiculouth thound*. It puts one in mind of

Parturiunt montes nascetur ridiculus mus,

HORAT.

which his honour would call *muth*.

He has, however, another failing, worthy fellow (who has not some): In early life he associated himself to a patriot baronet’s son, who can blast,

spit through his teeth, drink purl, drive a tandem, upset the same, talk, look, and act, like a stage-coachman. Whether from imitation, or from originality, is not determined; but honest George can do all that. What a boast!!! Nay, he can do more: he can break in a horse; he can make him up, and sell him: he can bishop, fig, crop, hog, nick, put a tail in pully (oh! rare George), trim a mane, blow gunpowder in a blind horse's eyes, worm his dog, physic his nag *à priori et a posteriori*, not only in *propria persona*, but *manibus suis*, and afterwards breakfast with his friends, with "unwashed hands," or hold out the same farrier-acting fist, not only to the first lord in the land, but to the first lady in the

nation, to hand her to her carriage, over a gutter or elsewhere. Moreover, such is his love for the horse, that he will drink out of the same beer pot as the quadruped; and will lie down by the side of him, and *kith* him as if he were his new married bride.

In dealing he is as keen as a hawk. Sooner than lose a bargain, he will sit up all night with the ostler, treat a score of drovers, mill a sow-gelder or pig-merchant, drink purl with a hackney coachman, or swallow a gallon of beer with a groom or a postillion. Often is he seen by the side of a greasy and gory man of blood, a cattle slayer, perched in his cart, and fanning along

a showy rip, either with the view of a deal or a swap; and often, in the market-place, will you see him accosted by stable boys, and raggamuffins, with “tip us your dandy, Master George.”

MESSIEURS DASH AND SEELIFE.

These two bloods often hunt in couples as it is called: not that they look like two puppies attached to the same collar, or linked together like hounds, or poodles (we beg a certain duke's pardon, for trespassing upon his breed), but because they are often linked arm in arm together, visit the same haunts of fashion and dissipation, go to hells together, and frequent the

woods in the same manner. There is dunning even in that simple rural retreat.

Mr. Dash is an elegant cypher, instead of being a character, either in Greek, or in Roman print, in Saxon or in old English, a very elegant although not profitable one, standing for nothing at all. But when 1 is added to it, Mr. Seelife for instance, he becomes of 10 times more account, and they figure away together (not, however, in the *woods*) to some amount. Mr. Seelife is an elegant, or an exquisite if you please, and cannot only say

“Vixi puellis nuper idoneus,”

but changes the *nuper* into *semper*

as for the ensuing line of Horace,

“ *Et militavi non sine gloriâ,*”

we will say nothing about that.

These inseparables see a great deal of life together:—but to return to number 1—Mr. Seelife. Good looks, good temper, constitution, dress, dissipation, and good company, as so considered by bucks (quite the reverse, however, by sages and philosophers), give young Seelife an ascendancy in the ton. He is ranked amongst good fellows, quoted for his spirit, copied in a waistcoat or cravat, referred to in a row, ogled by titled demireps, courted by accredited cyprians, nodded to by titled youths, and called upon by all the topping

tradesmen in town. He is in many a fading amorette's heart, in many a light paphian's head, in many people's mouths, and in some people's books.

Such is his popularity, that it is said he dropped a paper containing a train of engagements, as long as the old horse Eclipse's in former days; and a love alphabet, whether as a child's guide, or Solomon's Guide to Health, we know not. Should it not belong to him, it must be Lord H——'s; for he has mentioned a number of their names; whereas, Mr. Seclife is, as every loyal chevalier ought to be, *amoureux et discret*.

GENERAL HUGH FEATHERBED.

Heu et O! we are told in our Latin

grammar, are notes of admiration. Not so in the present instance. “ ’Tis strange, ’tis passing strange, ’tis pitiful, ’tis wonderful pitiful!” to behold such general examples of pensioned appetite, of staff stupidity, of broth pot encumbrance, and of featherbed importance, as we see daily in hotels, coffee-houses, et cetera.

General Featherbed is of the junta of experienced officers, who attack a *breast-work* in Bond Street, storm a ravine in passing the puddle of St. James’s Street, besiege a fair milliner, and enter in Pall-Mall the fortified walls of the Royal Hotel, knife and fork in hand, pouring grape shot into their carcasses, and then sally out with their colours

flying, and with all the honours of war.

One general in the north made hay whilst the sun shone, and was always on the staff in the interior. Another, a guard, General Mahogany, was a stick not a staff man, for years; and although he could scarcely wheel a brigade into line, he could wheel backwards in Flanders, and on his return was considered as the very best judge of—— mock turtle in London. One, with his pension of five hundred per ann., and not long ago with a regiment, consumes and enjoys the *jucunda oblivia vitæ*, with the most unlimited demirep that ever disgraced the peerage; and is thus rewarded for having broad shoulders,

giving his vote in parliament, and, what is much more useful to the state, for—amusing my lady! Another of this blessed *fabrique* sprung out of *games of chance*. His papa was never deemed too honest, nor his mamma considered as too chaste; yet we have high military rank tacked to this hazard and faro bird: thus is the die of military fortune cast; thus do some men's cards turn up all trumps, whilst other honest fellows play a losing game in the field of honour, and never have a winning card in their hand through life.

But to return to General Hugh Featherbed's active services. We remember meeting him in days of yore, with

a hail storm right in his teeth, and there the hail storm had the worst of it, in a full trot down St. James's Park. His honour looked pale, and is a bad rider: some said on account of his being a stone too heavy, others say on account of his being a stone too light. It was much about this time that a poem was written in form of admonitory directions to his Majesty's household; and amongst other lines of it, we recollect the following very useful ones :

“ In attending the king, keep your seat above
all,

“ For there's danger as well as disgrace in a fall.”

On another occasion we recollect seeing him not in the high road to

conquest, although it proved the way to promotion, nor in the heat of the battle, but on the high road to—— Windsor! and in the heat of—— a midsummer's day, covered, my good friends, not with glory, but with dust—besmeared and disfigured, not with blood, but with perspiration!—wounded, not in the breast, but in the seat—and having lost, not life, or limb, but——leather! “Oh! ’twas a fearful sight!”

The general, however, fought many a tough battle at whist and at piquet, was overthrown by Pharo's host, and made one of his lean kind, attacked with might and main the dice-box on many a long night, and got out of the

contest with various success. He, like many others, is anxious to be thought a pigeon; *peut être* he may be so; although, in common with the Cambrian baronet "*Il n'en a pas l'air.*" Be this as it may, such is the general—a brave amongst the brave, or rather a chip amongst many chips; a block amongst many blocks.

Whether to such men of high military rank the motto of

Militavi non sine gloria"

be due, or whether we could not find a more appropriate one in Virgil, we leave others to judge; but were we to select a quotation, it would be the following one:

“ *Non tali auxilio non defensoribus istis
Tempus eget.*”

VIRG. *ÆNEID.*

The general some years ago entered into an engagement—how bold ! a matrimonial one too—how brave ! with a young lady in the north. What an advantage to madame ! He keeps a good table, is well nursed ; for he is sickly, and paler than ever, but grown in bulk, so as now to resemble a walking haggis.

MR. BUCKSKIN.

This gentleman is a buck, though an old buck ; and no one has a greater right ; for he came of a buckish family— if not highly bred, at least highly tanned—and if not men in buckram, at

least men in leather. Four brothers of these bucks set out in life, like *les quatres fils Aïmons*, although not all on the same horse. *Au contraire*, one of them drove four horses in hand, and had also an antiquated hack of the French stage, bloated with laziness, and grown into a folio edition of loose *em-bon-point*, by his side, Madame R. The others also indulged in horses and in chariots, et cetera. The four brothers all put on a red coat a-piece, first in the militia; and two of them in the line. The fame, however, of their fortune being derived from their respectable relation in the leather line, acquired them, as *noms de guerre*, the appellation of buck-skin, doe-skin, lamb-skin, and ewe-skin.

These gentlemen then travelled, in order to get a spice of fashion ; and, on the continent, it was considered that the nick-name of dog-skin would have been more applicable to their persons than that of doe-skin or lambskin there being nothing of the lamb but the wool in their composition, whilst there was a strong spice of the puppy. Returned from their travels the one figured not far from Harley Street, and two of them dashed away in the dragoons.

The gentleman whom you now see has a temporary residence. He is a man of a most violent temper, and never could agree with his wife, whom he imported from Germany, and who

is a native of that country, with a good fortune. He has, however, left her well provided, and with a good establishment, retiring himself upon fat, fair, and fifty, a lady of title.

Which of the ladies is preferable in point of birth I pretend not to say ; but the Irish baronet's widow shows some breeding, which may buoy, or buy up the young lover's hopes of increasing happiness. The German *wrow*, in the meanwhile, does not put up with this buckish trick of wearing the horn of plenty alone ; and she is rendered furious thereby. She follows the tender couple from place to place, vituperates her once fond husband, abuses her ladyship, and plays *der teyfle*. She, as

many ladies do, indulges in imagery, and in many odd figures of speech; and not content with the odium of the tanyard, or the horned epithets of bucks, and does, and rams, and lambs, et cetera, she bestows the inurbane titles of monster, viper, wretch, and demon, on each indiscriminately, reserving the peculiar stigma of drunkard, liar, seducer, and pros—, perhaps Proserpine, for my lady; stating that she would grant favours to servants and tradesmen, if solicited, and that she herself sprung from the scullery, and got married to a young fool of quality.

All this scandal must, however, be received *cum grano salis*, and proceeds from jealousy, irritation, faded attrac-

tions, and deserted love. The lady from Ireland may not be one-half what she is described; whilst the Austrian or Hungarian may be twice as bad as the hot-headed Devonshire lads of leather deserve. Doubtless it is a great crime in the eye of a rival to engender strife; and perhaps, on the other hand, it is a pity that the lady from Ireland should breed a disturbance, or further perpetuate a breed, of which the last four editions were quite sufficient for any good which might accrue to mankind from their *public-ation*.

CAPTAIN W——.

This worthy old gentleman, whom you have mistaken for a reprobate of

the same name, is a man of large property in the north of England. He is well known at Bath, and is a great but honourable play-man. His fortune came to him by succession late in life, after having spent his own property, and being very unfortunate in his first wife, who was unfaithful to him at an early period after wedlock. He has no blot in his escutcheon but having been kept for a number of years by positively the ugliest woman in the world (except one, Lady L——, who went by the nickname of Buckhorse); and having, when fortune smiled upon him, withdrawn his countenance from the old lady, and forgot her past favours. He certainly ought to have paid her the same compliment as Lord J. Townshend did to

an ugly publican who supported him at an election. "Gentlemen," said he, "I thank you all most cordially for your support; and Mr. M. I can never say enough of the *singular countenance* with which you have favoured me upon this occasion."

MRS. DRAMATIC,

THE PLAGUE OF THE ACTORS.

This dark brown, elderly (a very mild term) lady has a good fortune. From her complexion you would take her for a gingerbread wife, yet she has a far different taste from that of being tacked to gingerbread husbands, as we see kings and queens at a fair. She has rather a more substantial taste; for which reason she took a gentleman

(Captain W.) into favour, when her husband left her.

She has certainly been bitten by a mad actor ; for she roves about theatricals, knows the Rejected Theatre by heart, and ventured repeatedly to appear on the boards, with the same merit, the same success, and the same kind of applause as Mr. Doodledoo Coates has universally met with. She has a good fortune, which she shares with all descriptions of dramatic performers, from the barn to the theatre-royal, wherever she goes. She is not particularly religious, but she has a strong love for her neighbour, which she is pleased to call a great weakness, because it has betrayed her into great

errors, and has cost her dear both in purse and in person.

The bulk of her wealth, however, she designs to leave to a grown-up young woman, a *niece* perhaps, but whom she calls a foundling. We remember the late Duke of R—— with an inmate of this description in his house; and the late Lord A. had a brother officer's daughter of this kind; and the late Lady W——— had a similar adoption.

Mrs. Dramatic complains of nervous head-aches, of sleepless nights, and of spasms, and also of being very low-spirited when alone. Poor Mrs. Dramatic, she makes but a bad figure often

on the stage, or on the *tapis* ; but will nobody take compassion on her ? Cannot Mr. Currie, or the medical board, do something for her, since they vend fecundity, manufacture domestic peace, and deal out matrimonial felicity ?

MR. L——

Is a gentleman famous for the elegance, gentility, and utility of his discoveries, which are bifold. First, he has discovered that there is no impropriety in making a bargain with one man, and then selling unto another ; and, secondly, he has discovered an entirely new (amongst gentlemen at least) and very handy weapon for settling affairs of honour. Of the former

fact, Mr. B. of Brighton can give the most unequivocal proof, and of the latter both Mr. L. and Mr. B. bear the most striking and undeniable testimony. Mr. L. has, at the same time, invented a new mode of *wiping* off the stain of having the lie given, or of an accusation of cowardice, or, in short, for brushing off any spot fixed either upon a man's back, his habits, or his reputation.

The weapon used by this worthy, whilst it protects a man against the lash of the law, by making him come under a lash of a quite different nature, is nothing less than a stout horse-whip. Bloods formerly used to talk of whipping a bullet into a man's gizzard; but

this' gentleman, with more refined taste, seems to think that a whipping from head to heels has just as good and a much less dangerous effect.

These modern duellists too were accompanied by two friends. What a high sense of honour these seconds must have, to consider that a flagellation on the shoulders, and on the very seat of honour, was a gentlemanlike mode of satisfaction. This was *backing* their friends *with a witness*. We are further informed, that the combatants left the field of glory covered with stripes, and resembling from that circumstance the zebra; but from their long and patient endurance of the lash, still bearing a closer similarity to the common maltreated ass, whose patient and unre-

senting temper, whose want of mental formation, whose thick hide, long ears, mild and humble appearance, and utility in bearing burthens, and otherwise being the friend of man, certainly gives it the preference to the stupid and degraded biped, without the ass's utility, and with a thinner skin, although more devoid of feeling in other points.

What will our neighbour *N'on tons pas* say, when he reads an account of this modern duel? What will he think of John Bull? Why that the animal deserves to be flogged and baited through the world, for the brutal rencontre in question.

CHAPTER VII.

ONCE again the family took leave of Bond Street, the scene of so many adventures, and of the view of Stevens's, where such vicissitudes of fortune, of pleasure, and of pain, had been experienced. The old laird resolved in his own mind never to set his foot in London again, and looked forward with pleasure to the happiness he should enjoy in Susan's company for the rest of his days. His daughter was now become a woman of considerable fortune; but nevertheless she was determined to let her English property, and to build a romantic cottage in her

native land, on her father's estate, and near the old family castle ; whilst it was some consolation to her to know that her father's property was disencumbered and improved, that his mansion and grounds were beautified and ornamented, and that the union of two large properties would enable both herself and him to do extensive good.

Susan planned in her own mind a school for the education of youth, an asylum for the orphan poor, a retreat for age and altered circumstances ; and, from the time she had seen the poor maniac, she implored her father to look into, and to meliorate the state of those unfortunates in his country. Nor were these well-formed plans and in-

tentions the mere empty chimeras of a suffering mind, the prorogued or adjourned resolutions of an interior, softened by affliction, and mellowed by tenderness, which frequently melt at the return of the sun-shine of prosperity, and disappear as the prospect clears up, and as the clouds break and disperse. They were the rooted resolves of a stedfast and of a noble mind, and they were all put into execution with precision, with delicacy, and with discernment. Susan fancied the prettiest and simplest dress for the dependants on her bounty, and built them the neatest and most commodious dwellings.

She then set to erecting what she called her Solitude, which, instead of a

cottage, she now decided on giving the form and style of a priory, having a chapel in it of exquisite architecture, built in the gothic style, by workmen brought from town, many of whom were foreigners; and on this building she spared no expense. It would be needless to add, that she was the delight and comfort of her parents, and the idol of the poor, and of all her neighbours.

On her first coming in sight of her native hills, she exclaimed, with a tear of pleasure,

“ With thee were the dreams of my earliest
love,

“ Ev’ry thought of my reason was thine :”

and from that moment a mild placitude

sat upon her countenance, and a resigned contentment dwelt in her mind. She corresponded with no one but Captain Ogle, and her whole time was spent between the society of her parents, the care of her infant establishment, between ministering to the distresses of the poor, and superintending the completion of her habitation.

Near the chapel she had an elegant well-chosen library, in which she spent much of her time; and over the chimney-piece of it was placed the colonel's portrait, with a black crape drawn before it. By her side always walked his favourite, faithful spaniel; and in her paddock bounded, free from the control of a rider's hand, the horse which

he used to ride in preference to all the others; so that every thing promised long remembrance of the conjugal tie; every thing indicated immutable widowhood.

Of her garden Susan took particular care. The children of Flora were every where interesting, and many a moral lesson might be learned from them. The rose is the flower of love, as Anacreon and many other authors, ancient and modern, inform us; her bud is delicate, and easily broken; it comes modestly and reluctantly into view; it shelters its blushing beauties under a parent's leaf, until wooed by the ardent and overpowering sun, it bursts into life, into fulness, into loveliness, and

into maturity ; it is fanned by the warm zephyr of affection, refreshed by the cooling evening breeze of wisdom, watered by the tear of sensibility ; dazzling rays and too excessive heat destroy it ; the chilly damps of withdrawn sunshine and favour deject it ; night injures it materially ; coldness contracts and withers it ; the biting frost of cruelty or ingratitude kills it ; if gathered too soon, it dies prematurely ; it seldom exists without a thorn ; it never sees the hoary head of winter ; and it is but the beauty of a short season : thus says the Italian poet—

“ *Così la virginella è qual gentil rosa.*”

The lily, the still purer emblem of spotless innocence, exceeds in suavity

every other flower, as that quality transcends every other virtue; the least touch disfigures it; the least intemperance of air destroys it; it bears its head loftily erect; but if bent, or violated, it perishes in a moment.

The laurel and the myrtle are colder plants; wisdom and energy mark their properties; they are slower of growth, as more manly in appearance; each is an evergreen, emblem of the immortality of glory and of wisdom; if, however, blasted by the storm, they shoot no new blossoms, but, like tarnished honour and withered reputation, they perish for ever.

The violet is the flower of modesty;

it is excessively fragrant; it dwells in the shade of its native chastity; lovely in its lowliness, attractive in its retirement; its beauty suits the spring of life; and it cannot endure the changes of season, nor the extremes of heat and cold.

The pansy exhibits the fresh colours and pleasing hues which memory draws over past endearments, with the gilded tints of fond imagination: therefore does the French gallant, when he forms a banquet for his love, compose it of
*La rose, la violette, des pensees, et l'eternelle**.

* *La pensè* signifies a thought as well as a flower: *l'eternelle* is the yellow flower, which we call everlasting.

But it were endless to detail the beauties of the garden; and Darwin has done it so amply in verse, that *dull prose* were *prosing* indeed after him.

In the entrance of Susan's little hermitage she wrote the following lines, addressed to a nightingale.

Poor drooping bird ! by tender woes opprest,
Complain not thus melodiously to me !
Wake not to sympathy the wounded breast,
That dares not tell aloud its griefs like thee !

The mournful story of thy hapless love,
To woods and hollow caves thou may'st resign;
But what can I (alas !) to pity move,
When scarce I trust the tattling breeze with
mine.

'Tis thine, sweet bird ! to charm the night's dull
ear,
With steady grief in russet plumage clad ;
Ah ! might I fix my mournful dwelling near,
For ever tender, yet for ever sad !

She wandered through her native woods and mountains, and delighted in contemplating and in tracing with her pencil the most romantic views in her beloved country. Often too would she listen to the wild tremulous note of the Italian harp, and would feed her melancholy with those sweet sounds, which differ from all other music,

And take a long unmeasur'd tone,
To mortal minstrelsy unknown.

LORD BYRON.

Energy and attachment formed the strong characteristics of Susan's character. At her outset in life pleasures dazzled and enchanted her: she had, however, seen all pleasures fleeting, delusive, and deceitful, and she might say of them all

“ Ben riconsco in voi gli inganni vostri.”

She was ardent in her affections, but not less permanent in her attachments ; for, after seeing the brilliancy of the British metropolis, the gaudy attractions of Paris, and a great variety of scenery and objects of curiosity, her heart still leant upon the abrupt precipice and craggy rock, on the leafy fringe which overhangs the cataract, on the moss-covered stone which marks a territorial boundary, or distinguishes the march of a neighbouring clan.

Climate and country operated no change on her ; and, let her be where she would, she still was the chieftain's comely daughter, still gloried she in being the female hope and head of the Highland clan.

The numerous tenantry were forbid to meet her on her arrival in the country, lest it should revive past remembrance of "departed joys," when she so gaily and so proudly first entered her father's domain, blooming in the flower of beauty, and growing still more fair in the hearts and in the eyes of her kinsmen and countrymen. But now that her grief had softened down into the seemliness of gravity, that the loves and graces, which formerly attended on her motions, and sported in her smiles and in her eyes, had retired to give place to a dignified expression of sensibility, they all paid their devoirs, and were received with the warmth and unaffected kindness which were inseparably united to her habits and to her

heart. Not an old friend, a growing infant, a favourite domestic animal, nor a wild mountain-goat, but was favoured by her inquiries. From the animal world her kindness even descended to the vegetable creation, and the flowers which she had watered, the shrubs which she had planted and tended, were passed in review with that interest which a mind moulded by the hand of sympathy ever takes in each object of the creation, from the greatest to the highest link which proceeds from the lofty and adorable prime cause of all things.

Here might our story gravely, solemnly, and properly end. Susan might (without being the devoted widow of Malabar) consecrate her heart and her

aching remembrance to a husband's tomb, might conclude her days in solitude, and be held up as a pattern to her sex. But we write not in the heroics of sentiment above human frailty or change; we paint not unformed imaginary beings; life and man, as both not only have been, but are, the subject of our picture; and as we draw from nature, and, mostly, from recent occurrences and from existing characters, that the resemblance may be just, the original must be genuine.

In consequence, we have to inform our readers that man not being made for solitude, and Captain Ogle being nothing more than the man in private life, whom we could wish to see much

oftener, his heart sickened when he lost sight of Susan at Hugh Hall, and sought for a resting-place whereon to repose its aches and throbbings. His letters from friendly became brotherly (a more dangerous form than some ladies and gentlemen are aware of); from brotherly they expanded a little into the lover's style; and at length he solicited permission to visit the family, which the old chieftain granted with the consent of every tube of his heart.

The faithful friend arrived; his bosom glowed at beholding what he had long held so dear; he even imagined that she looked more lovely in the widow's veil; for she shone through the gloom,

Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

He was rivetted to her society, and enchanted by her every word. Absence and other objects had only served to show that she was matchless in his sight. Yet a respect for misfortune still kept him in awe; still the sable garb threw a funeral pall over his desires. Hope brightened at times in his eye; but respect as often obscured it in its appearance.

An unforeseen event now gave a new turn to the views and to the feelings of the whole family. Does the sapient reader foresee it? *Peut être que oui.* The period was now arrived when the sealed paper was to be opened, and to

be made public to the family. The seal was broken; the laird put his spectacles on; he cleared his voice, in order to give it a lofty and authoritative tone; every eye was on him; every ear was attentive; Susan looked down, and trembled, fearful lest some direction or last bequest of her husband should open afresh those wounds which time had but recently cicatrized. Ogle looked respectful, but unconcerned; he conceived that it regarded family affairs, perhaps some delicate disclosure of some unknown error of the deceased's: but what a change of countenance in every one present, when, upon perusing its contents, it was no other than a dying request that his widow should give her

hand to the incomparable friend of the family !

Every eye was now on Susan and on him ; every attention was lent to know how this would be received ; half-opened lips were seen ready to applaud ; half-raised hands were balanced in the act of admiration ; a tear of joy and approbation stood in Mrs. M'Tavish's eye ; whilst the chief, unable to restrain his joy, dropped the paper on the floor, and exclaimed, " Glorious ! Blessed be the colonel's memory ! Now will merit be rewarded ; now will the name of my house be perpetuated in the direct line ; now will two true and tried lovers be joined in indissoluble bonds ; this is the proudest day of my

life! Kinsmen, friends, neighbours, vassals, all proclaim the glorious news; hoist the flag; fire a salute; rend the wide air; and throw your bonnets up; light bonfires on each eminence, and give alms to all the poor; kill a deer, I say; give an ox to my people. Huza! huza! huza!"

The electric shock soon ran through the clan: huza resounded from every arch, and echo in his halls; whilst Ogle, transfixed with surprise, and transported with joy, stood like a statue. Every one flew to embrace him; and in the general joy and confusion, they had all, for a moment, forgotten Susan. She, profiting by the moment of riotous delight, and

being overcome by the conflict in her own bosom, threw her veil over her face, and slipping unperceived out of the room, withdrew to her apartment.

M'Tavish and his clan were now at the summit of their ambition; they had always admired and preferred Ogle, who had deserved so well of the family, that every heart rejoiced at the prospect of his felicity.

Susan had left the room, but—I'm a Turk, gentle reader, if I know how to bring her back again. I must trouble you to be so obliging as to take her by the hand yourself, and to conduct her into what apartment you think

proper. We have travelled a long way together; and I trust that you are not tired of my company. Our stay together will now be short; and I can assure you that you have my best wishes, and those of the M'Tavish clan and family, at parting. If ever you journey to the highlands, you will see that the picture which I have drawn of them is not overcharged; and you will, I trust, experience a highland welcome.

In conclusion, I have only to add, that in a short time after the disclosure produced by the sealed paper, the second wedding took place in the castle; that Mr. and Mrs. Ogle are likely to *ogle* each other until there are more

Ogles in the family; that in spite of the vow of solitude, Susan is very happy in society; and in spite of her attachment to the highlands, she passes three months at her's and her husband's English estates annually; that every thing wears a very promising appearance; and that we do not hear of Mrs. Ogle's tormenting her husband with the old widow's story of

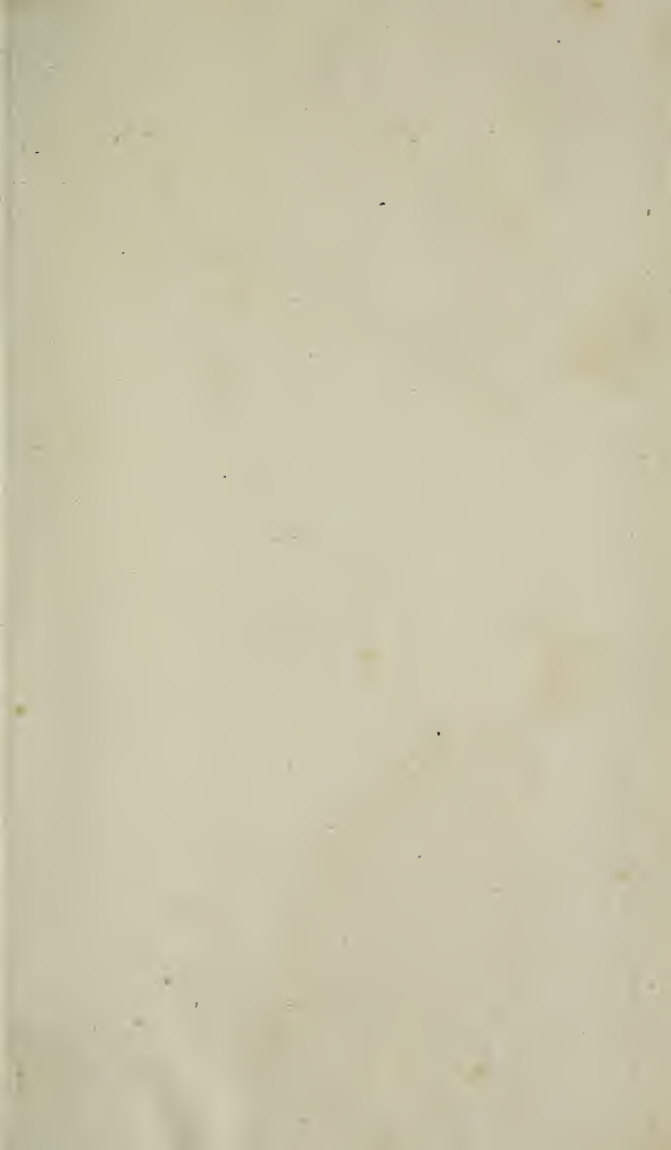
My poor dear *first* husband.

But that the month at Stevens's, with the episode attached to it, may conclude more sentimentally and decorously, let us persuade ourselves that the union of these lovers has produced a harmony of sentiment, and a mutuality of affection unparalleled in the

annals of wedlock, or of love ; and that the enraptured husband now says to the lovely Susan—

“ Then let us never never part,
“ But live and love so true ;
“ The pang that rends thy gentle heart
“ Shall break thy Ogle’s too.”

THE END.





UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA



3 0112 049101238